AUM

Point out the "Way"—however dimly,
and lost among the host—as does the evening
star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—*The Voice of the Silence*

THE ARYAN PATH

VOL. X FEBRUARY 1939 No. 2

APPRECIATING THE BEAUTIFUL

The extent and the nature of the influence of literature and the arts in engendering or enhancing the sense of appreciation of the beautiful has been discussed for long and debated at length. And generally the conclusion arrived at is that man's environment coloured by beauty does tend to mellow his nature and to impart a touch of graciousness to his manner. A man's ability to appreciate the beauty all around him is, like all of his other faculties, capable of being cultivated. One of the main ways of unfolding that capacity is the deliberate culturing of his own consciousness, surrounded by a million aspects and a million objects of beauty. Educationists and social reformers recognize the value of awakening and strengthening in the pupil as in the slum-dweller, the ability to absorb and to appreciate Beauty. True evolution teaches us that by altering the surroundings of the organism we can alter and improve the organism. Therefore is the poet, the playwright, the singer, the sculptor and every other artist an educationist of a very especial kind, whose value to his own country and to humanity at large is most difficult to appraise. In the debt which the layman owes to the creator of beauty is the incalculable extent of the latter's influence in arousing the creative faculty itself in the layman.

Evolution does not proceed from without within; otherwise with all the beauty which is spread abroad by nature and by man there would be a noble race of heroes existing to-day instead of a race of pigmies which meanly and conceitedly indulges in hatred and in cruelty and in marring that beauty itself. From within without is the course of evolution: unless a man acts from within he cannot become a creator. The knowledge of choosing paints and brushes and of copying on fresh canvas the masterpiece of some genius has its value. Such knowledge is helpful; it makes an educated man, but not a creator.

None can educate humanity by outer impacts only so that it shall be in entire harmony with surrounding Nature—a cosmos of the true, the good and the beautiful. That art by which a man is so awakened that he perceives the intrinsic worth of self-culture, and taking himself in hand educates himself as a creator of truth, virtue and beauty, is real. An expectant mother surrounded by objects of beauty will derive the psychological assistance which they give and their influence absorbed by her will contribute its quota of beauty to the process of fœtus-building ; but the moods of the mother have a far more powerful effect on the growing embryo. A hundred shapes of exquisite beauty remain useless to an expectant mother whose consciousness is tarnished by gloom or despair. So also, unless men and women look to their own consciousness, however much they may educate themselves they will not go very far on the Path of Beauty to which our esteemed friend Mr. Clifford Bax refers in his article which follows.

There is the factor of symbolism used by the creators of great works. The nature of great art is symbolic and often the symbols are not self-consciously and deliberately used ; sometimes the symbolism is as true as it is profound because it is not made by the mind of the artist but descends from spheres beyond that of conscious thinking. The deciphering and the assimilation of symbolism is one task of the treader of the Path of Beauty.

There is the great force which truth imparts to words in the remarks of Henry David Thoreau in *Walden* :—

" It is something to be able to paint a particular picture, or to carve a statue, and so to make a few objects beautiful ; but it is far more glorious to carve and paint the very atmosphere and medium through which we look, which morally we can do. To affect the quality of the day, that is the highest of arts."

This is very much in line with ancient Hindu thought which requires art to take note " not merely of form but also of what lies behind ". Gandhiji once said : " There is an art that kills and an art that gives life. All true art must help the soul to realize its Inner Self."

THE USE OF BEAUTY

A hippopotamus, I have heard, on being asked to name the most beautiful object in the world, replied, " A female hippopotamus ". The story may not be true (I confess to a doubt) but it does at least show how careful we must be when we talk of beauty. Many volumes, many long-winded volumes, have been written with the purpose of defining that word. Nobody, however, has told us what beauty is.

And when we are using a language so vague as English we need to be particularly watchful. There are more meanings in the word " love " than there are colours in the rainbow. So is it also with the word

"beauty". A surgeon will talk of "a beautiful operation", although the right word would be "skilful". A mathematician will say that he has found "a beautiful solution", when he means that his solution is exact. Even a chess player may call our attention to "a beautiful checkmate", —that is to say, a checkmate which is surprising and economical. Beauty, all the same, is no less real to us than are truth and justice. It is quite as real a thing in the world as iron or stone. It is, in fact, so real that we regard a tribe which has no sense of it as being backward and uncivilised. Now, there are stock-brokers, judges and ascetics to whom all the beauty in the world means nothing. If a man has no sense of truth, we call him a rogue; if he has no sense of justice, we call him a scoundrel; but if he has no feeling for beauty, do we at once tell him that he is an aboriginal? We do not, but Shakespeare did: for, according to him, "the man who hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, strategems and spoils". We may not be able to say what beauty is, and yet we recognise that all great civilisations have been much concerned with it.

If we begin at the beginning we must agree that a delight in beauty is confined, in this world, to men and women. We cannot believe that a cow, ruminating in a meadow, rejoices in the colours and forms of a magnificent sunset, or that a beetle admires the blade of grass up which it is crawling. To the cow, the beetle and the unenlightened stock-broker, this world is a food-supply, and that is all. The man, therefore, who goes through his life without heeding the beautiful is really sub-human and ought not to call himself a man. He is just as defective as the man who has developed no sense of justice.

This is the more strange because men and women are not unanimously agreed concerning what is beautiful. A Siamese and an Australian might easily come to loggerheads about the beauty-queen of Worra-Worra. We know that each race prefers its own type, and that is why people assure us that beauty, like morality, is an outcome of geography and climate. Here we see once more, as when we were thinking about the hippopotamus, that beauty has nothing whatsoever to do with sexual desirability: an axiom which all art-students very quickly appreciate. The Siamese might regard the beauty-queen as a Plain Jane; but he and the Australian would agree that there is beauty in a cornfield, in a golden coin minted by an ancient Greek, in a lake among mountains, in the movements of a cat, in a shapely drinking-glass or, shall we say, in moonlight trembling upon a summer sea.

All full-grown men and women, then, will respond in some degree to anything in Nature which is beautiful in colour, form, sound or movement. Our difficulties begin when we come to art, to the beauty made by ourselves. Here at once we disagree like mad. We do so because the pure æsthete does not exist. There has never been a perfect percipient of "significant form", to whom a picture should be equally attractive whether it stands right-side-up or upside-down. Since we have eyes, not lenses, we look at a picture with a

thousand associations which we have collected during our lives ; and for this reason a Victorian architect, trained to think of " Gothic " as the loveliest of all styles, would probably have found little to please him in a Chinese pagoda or in some of the intricately carven temples of India. We know, too, that until Whistler and Rossetti began to collect " blue china" and to praise old Japanese prints, very few persons in Great Britain would have discovered any beauty in the one or the other. It is at this point that we shall find a certain " use " in beauty which perhaps we were not expecting. You may recognise your true artist by the catholicity of his delight. Who has ever known a good artist to be narrowly nationalistic ? On the contrary, he will acclaim fine work in Europe, Asia, Africa, everywhere. Chinese music may indeed be difficult for a Western musician to enjoy, but he will certainly try to understand what was in the Chinese musician's mind. It is because art is international that politicians must always have difficulty in persuading a painter, a poet or any other artist to blow one of his brothers-in-art to smithereens. When, for instance, I read of the Sino-Japanese war I do not think so much about the various Generals as about Hiroshige and Laotsze. It is saddening indeed that two nations which have produced such artists and such philosophers should not have cared more for beauty and less for power or commerce. If their destinies had been in the hands of their artists, they would never have quarrelled.

This, however, is not the use of beauty which I have chiefly in mind. Now, there are people who cannot see that beauty has any use, and there are people who would like to suppress it. Mr. Justice Eve pilloried himself for all time (as we say) when he observed " What is the use of music ? " He meant, presumably, that music can make no difference to the material life of any one. He might as well have asked " What is the use of religion or of blue sky ? " And as for those who would have us turn away from beauty, they are usually people who associate pleasure with guilt. Most religions have been afraid of art. The Christian ascetics who fled into the Thebaid looked upon any lovely thing as a snare which might drag them back to " the world " ; and of what value is a flower, a symphony or a sunset to the fakir on his bed of spikes ? Such men, resenting the old force which insists upon making their hearts beat, and fancying that they will be happier elsewhere, although if we cannot be happy on earth we are likely to carry our disability into heaven, shun beauty because it might reconcile them to their lives. The greatest friend whom I ever had was a Buddhist monk, an Englishman who had lived most of his years in Burma. His mind was predominantly scientific. One day I introduced him to a painter, a Royal Academician, and I still remember how the painter subsequently said to me " No wonder he finds life so sad : he seems to be beauty-blind."

When Oscar Wilde upset the Victorians by stating that " all art is useless ", he was correcting the Victorian belief that all art must have a moral effect. He was saying in

shorthand that beauty is its own justification. We do not expect a flower to make us nobler members of Society : we expect it to delight us, and by so doing to make life sweeter. There are people, I know, who do not find that life is sad, but I will admit to believing that most of them (not the few genuine mystics) are simple souls who seldom reflect. We know the old saying—"Life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." I would rather say that life may be pleasant enough, on balance, to the man who neither thinks nor feels beyond himself. It is when a man's imagination begins to grow wings, so that he roams the world and learns something about the malevolence and the suffering of humanity, and something about the grim aspect of "Nature"—it is then that he must find solace either in humour or in beauty or possibly in both. An English officer, fighting in France in 1916, sent me a letter in which, ignoring what Leonardo da Vinci called the "bestiality" of war, he praised the effect of moonlight falling upon the barbed wire ahead of him.

Perhaps, though, there is an even deeper use in our belief that certain things are beautiful. Hindu philosophy tells us of several "Paths" by which we may come to the ultimate experience but I can recall no philosopher who maintains that one of these paths is the path of beauty. Let us think the question out. I do not know how an agnostic accounts for time, space and the universe. In order to account for them, I, at least, have to suppose that Someone pulled the trigger ; nor, assuredly, does it matter at all whether we name that Someone "God" or "Brahma" or "Allah". The point is that the Great Someone is unquestionably, as Sir James Jeans would maintain, a marvellous Mathematician, for otherwise the universe would not be controlled so delicately by the Law of Gravity. Modern people, however,—engrossed in machinery—are forgetting that this Someone is obviously as much interested in beauty as in mathematics. That Someone, in fact, is a deviser of inexhaustible beauty, and the "use" of appreciating beauty may very well be that unless we do so we shall have missed one aspect, and a notable aspect, of the Power which invented the universe. It is for this reason that I suggest the possibility that the path of beauty may be one of the ways which we must travel if we are destined to understand the Someone behind all things.

CLIFFORD BAX

SOCIETY AND LITERATURE

[In the second number of the first volume of THE ARYAN PATH was published an article from the pen of the late Mr. A. N. Monkhouse on the important subject of the influence of literature on the thoughts and the morals of the people.

Then the late Mr. Gerald Gould, whose wide experience with the English novel entitled his views to serious consideration, wrote in our issue of June 1934 on "The Novel : Its Influence in Propaganda" to which a Note was appended which contained the ideas of so versatile a mind as that of H. P. Blavatsky, herself the creator of *Nightmare Tales* through which she tried to popularize her serious teachings on occultism.

In the following volume for 1935 appeared "Society and Literature" by the German sociologist Ernst Kohn-Bramstedt, which drew from Mr. A. N. Monkhouse a thought-provoking contribution on "Society and Fiction". In the same volume an American novelist Maurice Samuel wrote under the caption "A Torch of Darkness" and dealt with a problem of peculiar significance to the creator of stories but not unimportant in its bearing on the subject of the articles we print below.

In the January 1936 ARYAN PATH will be found two contributions on "Literature as a Moral Force" : "The Hero in Fiction" and "The Return to Decency" which also the student interested in this subject should refer to.

The following quotation from Mr. A. N. Monkhouse's article on "The Hero in Fiction" is pertinent :

"We are affected, and in youth often deeply affected, by characters in fiction. It would appear that responsibility is thrown upon the novelists ; this is a world in which it is impossible to escape from responsibility. The artist cannot stop continually to ask himself whether he is doing his best for the human race ; he must make strange and precarious excursions ; but he is not a good citizen of the world if he does not think of his comrades in it. Our fiction is influential ; too much of it is irresponsible ; the revolt against limitations may have helpful elements but even sanity is a limitation."

We give this bibliography here to help the reader to appreciate fully the two articles which follow.—EDS.]

I.—THE HARD-HEARTED MODERNS

[Humbert Wolfe combines in himself the genius of poetry and the efficiency of a business man. He is the Principal Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and to the discharge of his duties brings the power of the inspiration of literature. In the following article he writes about the understandable but useless and degrading indulgence in sex-lunacy of our times. There is lack of social responsibility with which the next article deals.—EDS.]

There have been two predominant and painful elements in post-war literature which may be taken to correspond to the life which we have lived

since the Thames, changing from liquid history, became liquid hysteria. The first is the almost religious attention paid to all matters affecting sex, and the second is the appearance and persistence of an inner core of resolute and indifferent cruelty.

Both of these outbreaks are easier of explanation than of exorcism. The preoccupation with sex is in large part the revolt against the restrictions in this regard placed on English writers during the century of sexual silence. It has been justly observed that until George Moore mentioned the facts of birth, so far as the Victorians and the immediately post-Victorians were concerned, children might well have come into the world in the absence of both of their parents on a holiday abroad. To reticence on this aspect there was added a stifling hypocrisy in the matter of chastity and the observance of the Seventh Commandment.

Memoirs, biographies and autobiographies indicate, as was to be expected, that our grandfathers and grandmothers were flesh and blood like ourselves, and, being such, were liable to the physical excitements of their condition. But if the novelists were to be believed, all young men were virgins till marriage, and an erring wife was not only a pariah but, like Mrs. Dombey, threw the first stone at herself. (Naturally the hearty good-fellowship of the Victorian male found in the trespasses of his own sex only a subject for bawdy self-satisfaction.)

A revolt was inevitable. It began with the Fleshly School of Swinburne, denounced first with courageous anonymity in *The Saturday Review* by the heroic pen of honest John Morley, and later by a certain Buchanan, whose only claim to remembrance is the infamy which he acquired by his treachery. It was followed by the Yellow-book Nineties and George Moore's passionate interest in the matter expressed in superb prose. But it only came to genuine fruition when the tough genius of D. H. Lawrence took the offensive and made the subject so universal that it became almost a reproach in post-war fiction for a couple to live in open matrimony.

For a period continuous discussion and description of all varieties of sex-relationship were the key-note of half the novels published. No doubt the wild social conditions that followed the war intensified the natural reaction against Victorian sloppiness. But even so, after about ten years of it the thing became a bore. The world sighed for one marriage, even if it were only a little one, and one instance of love-making, which did not require police intervention. The titanic success of Mr. Priestley's *Good Companions* set the seal on this desire for comparative quiet in the library. It appeared, as later instances from the U. S. A. indicated, that, thanks to Mr. Priestley, this dull insistence on the right to be dirty had "Gone with the Wind".

But, if the world had grown tired of sex-preoccupation, it could not escape from a certain hardness, approximating to brutality, in the gifted young, which was one of the legacies of the war. "You old men and women", said they, addressing those in the middle thirties and early forties, "destroyed the amenities of

the world for us. Well ! you're going to hear from us about it." And we have.

In the first place, there began a savage demolition of accepted standards and reputations. Books were not burned in the cheerful Nazi fashion, but they were burned out of shape with vitriol often projected from behind. The young men would have nothing to do with Galsworthy in prose, and could find in Masefield only a subject for raucous mirth. They honoured nothing, and they respected nothing. Prose-writing (except in France, in respect of which their critical sense deserted them) began with Lawrence and verse with T. S. Eliot. Before them was the Deluge.

In *Star-Begotten,* Mr. H. G. Wells, adding one more brilliant lightning-stroke of imagination to his luminous armoury, invented a ray projected from Mars by which old and half-disembodied creatures of super-human sagacity directed certain chosen Tellurians. Those so affected were different not in degree but in kind from their simpler and gentler fellow-humans. Like so many of Mr. Wells's fairy-tales, this exposed a truth in terms of fertile metaphor. It might almost seem that writers like Mr. David Garnett, Mr. Richard Hughes, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Graham Greene, Miss Elizabeth Bowen, Mr. W. H. Auden and, in less degree, Mr. Evelyn Waugh were directed to their savage indifference to the normal aspirations of men and women by some super-terrestrial affinity.

There would hardly be space here to examine in detail the origin of this tendency to hardness, its spread and finally its consecration almost as a creed. Something, of course, it owes to a world where concrete force, as plain as a dragon in Andrew Lang, is breathing fire out of its nostrils from one end of Europe to the other. Deeds, not words, or to express it in a bitter pun, Might and not Left are the pass-words. Those who, as being Communists, believe themselves, however mistakenly, to be the last custodians of freedom, were bound to imitate in their writings the political methods of the Dictators. But this note of cruelty, endemic in French literature, preceded some of the more violent manifestations of Realpolitik.

Few, for example, detected in the delicate sentences of *Lady into Fox,* an almost shockingly violent rejection of the decency of human relationship. The episode of the vixen with her cubs will for the more thoughtful remain a permanent scar on the mind. Not less horrible in its beautiful indifference to all natural emotion is the treatment of the elder girl-child in *High Wind in Jamaica.* It is questionable whether anywhere in English literature is there so spectacular an indifference as in that much-admired book to the massacre of a child's soul.

Messrs. Hemingway and Faulkner need no bush. They have specialized in crazy violence : the storm-cone is always hoisted in their books. Indeed, Mr. Faulkner has almost reverted to the later Elizabethans with the introduction in each of his books of a chorus of mad men, chaunting bloodily. Their influence has, it is not denied, been very considerable in

this country. Nobody paid any serious attention, except the general public, to *The Bridge of San Luis Rey, Babbitt, Gone with the Wind.* These were broad, human and, therefore, derivative. But monosyllabic gangsters throttling one another in speakeasies—there was literature ready-made—and their influence was most marked where it had the greatest effect. It was the talented young who responded to the appeal to dive into the mud for pennies.

Two of the most remarkable books of the last six months are salient examples of the ossification of the writer's heart. The first, which was widely recognized as an important work, was Mr. Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock;* the second is the recently-published *The Death of the Heart,* by Miss Elizabeth Bowen. Mr. Graham Greene was in a sense pure Hemingway, but disturbed the monotonous current with little spurts of beauty that only intensified the frightening effect of the whole. It was (and is—for it has a long life before it) the tale of a young gangster in Brighton, head of a small race-gang. In the course of the story he commits two murders, casually described, with his own hands, and is only prevented from throwing vitriol in the face of his young wife by being anticipated by the police-officer. He has the soul, the appearance and indeed the language of a wolf. He seeks for prey, he is lean and loathsome and he barks in a strangled voice.

But what matters far more is that at the back of this persistent squalor is a real study of two lost souls on another plane. It is almost as though Mr. Graham Greene had taken that poison which doubles the vision. To such occasional heights does the story climb that, it seems, only one guided from Mars could willingly frequent its other and cruel depths. Nor is what must be put to Miss Elizabeth Bowen's account far different. Her beautifully-composed pages describe with complete absence of emotion the progressive violation of the soul of a normal, charming and innocent child. It has the remorseless quality of a Greek play, but it has not the Greek excuse of legendary tradition. It is in its quiet way as horrid as the destruction of Cordelia by the force of her abominable sisters, but it has no trace of Shakespearian sympathy for suffering in it. And it is in its way one of the best efforts of the younger generation. *Quo usque tandem?*

HUMBERT WOLFE

II.—SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WRITER

[**Estelle H. Ries** is the author of *Mother Wit—Highlights of Ingenuity* and the Associate Editor of *The American Architect.*—EDS.]

Of all the subjects with which writers are concerned, perhaps the most important seems strangely neglected. I refer to the responsibility of the writer as an educator and a social force. The most influential educational media are newspapers and magazines, the radio, movies,

advertisements, the drama and books —all products of the writer's brain. The teachers and professors in our schools and colleges, even the wise spiritual leaders of the world, are greatly hampered by the fact that their work is diminished by indifferent or contrary-minded writers whose influence reaches larger audiences. At bottom it is a nation's writers who are most responsible for public opinion, and I say this, dictatorships notwithstanding.

The world to-day, we all know, is in a serious condition. Half-knowledge, indifference as to right or wrong, apathy to injustice, collapse of ethical sensitivity have marked recent history. Nations, rich and poor alike, have been assailed by the diseases of moral and spiritual bankruptcy. Why ? Because writers have not fortified the ethical and social sides of life to withstand them. One cannot resist citing Goldsmith's prophetic lines :—

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

Almost the world over, public opinion has been allowed to overemphasize the material things of life and has neglected cultivation of the fundamentals of character. Integrity has been badly undermined. Conscience has been in a coma. People and nations with grim cheerfulness have been out "to get theirs" no matter how. We see little of the stuff of a Galileo or a John Bunyan or a Gandhi—men who have preferred torture rather than compromise with honour.

In these critical times the way people are thinking and feeling is especially important. Is it upon real facts or fancied ones ? Upon sound, wholesome emotions or distorted and destructive ones ? To-day we find our various nations trying to regulate external affairs—physical effects—while the attitudes of mind which caused these are left to chance. With such a policy, mental confusion and practical disorder are inevitable. Thought power undirected, unsoundly based, is dangerous. Only when it is enlightened, founded on facts, on truth, and activated by sound, wholesome emotions, is it safe to build upon. Hence the immense social responsibility of the writer.

Instead of seeing in this a tremendous opportunity for progressive, useful service, we find writers vying with one another to invent the crookedest criminal, the most ingenious perversion. Many magazines accept only stories about these sensational gangster thrillers. Certainly the large proportion of popular novels, love magazines and detective stories with their undisguised appeal to sex interest and highly keyed excitement cannot be characterized as a stabilizing or an inspiring influence. Vice and obscenity debase the public mind as much in fictional as in real life, and unhealthy mental food reflects itself in poorer body and spirit. People in general must have a very inadequate conception of the power of thought or the use of leisure, to devote so much of both to these unmeaning, trifling, stupid and disruptive outpourings.

It is hard to estimate how much such writing reflects the times and how much it causes to-day's decadent conditions in art and life. Literature

used to be an art. To-day it is an industry. People depend upon it for a living. That means they are swayed by the profit motive. They must write what will sell. Since those who can buy their wares are those with financial power, these latter are the ones who determine the writer's subject and policy.

While writers' courses give comprehensive technical information on how to write, the question of what to write is left to chance or editors' requirements. Thus, on the order of the promoter, the writer, subtly playing upon human nature by publicity, advertising, fiction and other forms of writing, moulds public taste and opinion to any end, whether desirable or not. That it be soundly premised, honest, wholesome, true, is no pre-requisite. Writing is used as effectively to praise something inferior as something good. Appeals are made to every human frailty—fear, ambition, financial aggrandizement, vanity, sex instinct, imitativeness, envy—and special techniques evolved for each.

But writing cannot continue as merely a business. It must become truly a profession with the implication of service which this carries. It is more than an art because of its great social significance. Whatever the personal motive for writing, whether for gain, or self-expression, or anything else, writers who have access to hosts of people must always recognize an accompanying obligation not to give them perverted values, false interpretations and inflamed passions. By the mere fact of publication, writers become educators or mis-educators. Cold education of the mind without care for an ideal and indifference to a moral viewpoint develop problems for penology. People must have instilled in them deep convictions about the right things. Perhaps that is propagandizing, but since this weapon is being used for the wrong things there is need for the right-minded to counterbalance its effects with proper mental diet.

What people read is largely mind-food. Yet while there are pure food and drug acts for the physical man we seem to think that even the mildest censorship of our mind-food is a terrible infringement upon our human rights and liberties. Is the meat-packer permitted to pursue his human rights and liberties to their full extreme by neglecting all sanitary precautions in the packing-house? Physical poisoning carries its own penalties of pain for the consumer, but mental indigestion has no immediately obvious effect upon the "sufferer". It would be interesting to have a library shelf equivalent to the medicine chest providing mental bicarbonate of soda or other first aid under parallel conditions. Labels on the book jackets might give the percentage of appeal ingredients—physical, mental, emotional—stating whether the contents "will not harm the heart" or are "not artificially coloured". Other books might carry a line of the proper antidote for their particular kind of poison, and publishers might thereby find sales increased. Thus at the end of a salacious novel they might say, "Compare Rabelais—from your bookseller". Or, "Take a pageful of Emerson after each chapter".

When we consider the potent influence of the writer it almost seems that he should be licensed before he is permitted to poison the minds of trusting readers. Other professional practitioners have to be registered or licensed, with credit rather than disparagement to their standing. Qualifications for professional writers' licenses should include an ethical and constructive attitude toward human relations, an educational awareness and a social conscience, with, of course, knowledge of the business of writing from its technical form or literary skill standpoints. Even a Hippocratic oath could justify itself.

This world is of course a realistic one. I am not pleading necessarily for less realism but for more idealism. Oriental observers like Gandhi and Tagore warn us that Western civilization is drifting toward the tragedy of pigmy purposes wielding the power of giants. Our present life has as prominent qualities congestion, confusion, lack of privacy, physical luxury masking mental poverty, over-stimulation of nerves and spiritual immaturity.

> Two principles in human nature reign:
> Self-love, to urge ; and reason, to restrain.

Thus Pope in the eighteenth century. To-day in the twentieth only the first of these seems active. We do not live like beings endowed with minds capable of real thinking. Thought-provoking magazines have the smallest subscription lists. The best books have minority readership, the best plays the shortest runs. Books must be best sellers, not best literature. Art is good if it costs much and is exclusive. We are overawed by size and quantity. Business is big, not necessarily socially minded. Religion is counted by statistics, not by deeds. Our lazy minds do not trouble to go to the bottom of anything. Most of us prefer a great deal of ignorance to a small degree of effort.

The issue of self-expression seems to conflict somewhat with the social responsibility of the writer. Art *versus* moral influence makes a troublesome discord. How far shall the writer freely express himself ? Each individual is made up of many factors, good and bad. Our personality and our character traits are both negative and positive. For the most part we do not consider which self we want to be—which self we want to express. Neither society nor the individual gains by self-expression of negative or selfish traits. Yet nothing is more priceless, both to society and the individual, than self-expression when it involves those inner qualities of high-mindedness and large-heartedness that all of us possess in varying degree. Style and self-expression in writing are not dependent upon falsely sensational and destructive content. They can be just as ably employed in more purposeful material. From the standpoint of its influence, form is not so important as content. Rather a poor poem with a good thought than a masterpiece of evil message. The problem, I believe, is neither readers' demand nor writers' self-expression. Writers are confronted with changing people in a changing world. They, more than any other group, can aid them in making the necessary adjustments and a safe transition.

The only way a nation can feed

itself on poisoned mind-food is if writers produce it. The distributors who publish it are not nearly so much to blame. If consumer-readers are unable to advance their own tastes, must the writer cater to their stupidity and add fuel oil to the fire? Can he be only the slave of an editor who in his turn is a slave of a misguided consumer-master ? Is he still the ancient scribe who merely held the pen while the customer dictated ? Can he not rather assume an attitude of protest and give readers what they should have, or at least refrain from giving them what they should not have ? Where is the old prestige that formerly earned the reverential attitude once held toward authors ? Writers have the ability to be their own propagandists and to build up their own significance as a group which justifies its existence in service to society. All effective censorship begins with the self. It should be just as easy, with resolution, to make editors and public " decency conscious " or more capable of participating in economic, social and spiritual progress, as it is to fill them with fear, hate, envy and other destructive ideas.

If reputable writers refused to write for the wrong papers, the wrong causes, the false publicity, the unsoundly premised policies, these would be largely starved at the source. If we were to call a figurative Writers' Strike against salacious magazines and exaggerated sensationalism, I am inclined to think it would do more good than any misguided Nazi purge, for it would attack the evil thing and not human victims. This would kill a bad habit to some degree but the cure would not be complete until a good habit was cultivated in its place. There has never been a time when there has been such an array of great social questions. Let every writer do his part to put honesty and clear thinking a few steps ahead and leave his readers richer in knowledge, understanding, emotional stability and ethical awareness.

Writers are at the head and crux of national mental and emotional health. Why be mindful only of money when so much more is at stake ? Can we not, readers and writers alike, enter into a voluntary self-censorship on this mind-food business ? We should be proud to produce and support good literary material that does not offend good taste and that builds lives of peace and use. The sequence in achievement is always ideas, thought, action. What people will do in the next short time depends upon how they are thinking now, and that in turn is largely due to writers, their source of information and inspiration. Good writing need not content itself merely with reflecting the times. Authors can take a place of leadership in carrying us forward into a promised land that makes a little more sense than 1938 on the Planet Earth.

ESTELLE H. RIES

THE PROBLEM OF DEATH

[Below we publish two studies of a subject of universal interest.—EDS.]

I.—IN GERMAN LITERATURE

[Ernst Kohn-Bramstedt is the author of *Aristocracy and the Middle Classes in Germany* and other volumes and has in preparation *A Study in Satirist Society.* —EDS.]

Death is an eternal problem for human beings, but in literature it is not a permanent problem. Death is all-powerful, but in the course of history it is not always a popular subject for poetry and art. German literature in the middle ages is full of the warning *memento mori,* an imperative of Christian doctrine as well as an expression of fear caused by the danger of epidemics and war. In the classic German literature of about 1800, on the other hand, death plays as slight a rôle as a problem as it does in the philosophy of enlightenment. Moreover death, with Goethe as well as with other representatives of German idealism, lost much of its terror. The idea of death, once symbolized as a cruel reaper with a scythe, who suddenly cuts life short, is now replaced by that of a torch-bearer, whose torch gradually flickers away. The bitter and senseless abruptness of death becomes a gradual and harmonious disappearance. Goethe, a strong believer in nature's rhythm of growth and decay, saw in death only a trick of nature to produce more life, for it was his deep conviction that nothing in the economy of the Universe is ever lost, and that our minds are indestructible, eternally enduring. He compared them with the sun which, appearing to set before our eyes, actually never sets but spreads its light incessantly.

Ninteenth-century literature, based on the idea of progress, shared this view with some modifications. But the twentieth century before, and still more after, the experience of war no longer took the slogan of progress for granted. The more rationalized European life became, the more the great irrational factor in life regained its puzzling power. The taboos of Victorian convention were attacked and destroyed, and the naked truth of the facts of life and death once more raised its melancholy and cynical head.

Death as a reality in the structure of our society and a problem for the more profound mind, has now been re-introduced into European literature. In France Marcel Proust has described decay and agony with a new technique centred on the enigma of Time ; in England Aldous Huxley ponders over the metaphysical aspects of a problem which seems to ridicule our attempts to grasp it ; German contemporary literature above all shows the new approach to an eternal question in an original way. Some Europeans may call this preoccupation morbid, but those who wish to feel the pulse of our age cannot afford to dismiss lightly the de-

scription of death in the novels of Thomas Mann and Werfel, or the interpretation of it by a distinguished writer such as Hofmannsthal and by the poet-mystic Rilke.

In the limited space of this article only a short glance can be taken at the artistic and philosophic bearing of this new approach. When the young Thomas Mann at the beginning of this century wrote his naturalistic report of the decay of the Buddenbrook family, he included some indirect as well as direct scenes of death and agony. The sudden death of Consul Buddenbrook, for instance, is seen by us through the experience of his family, who in the house watch a thunderstorm without any idea that meanwhile the husband and father is upstairs, the victim of a fatal lightning stroke. It is the atmosphere of a dramatic event in surrounding nature which is so strikingly and symbolically portrayed.

In a different, but no less masterly manner the death of his wife is described with clear psychological insight into the process of dissolution. The Frau Konsul, a woman of the world with a strong will, a great love of life and of good living, hates her illness, but watches its progress with intense interest. The stages of advancing pneumonia, her obstinate clinging to consciousness, her replies in her delirium to the fancied voices of her late husband and of her dead friends are reported in detail. Can a picture of the last phase of an agony be more realistic, more dramatic and at the same time more dignified than the following?

At half-past five there was a moment of quiet. And then over her aged and distorted features there passed a look of ineffable joy, a profound and quivering tenderness; immediately she stretched out her arms and cried out, with suddenness swift as a blow, so that one felt there was not a second's space between what she heard and what she answered with an expression of absolute submission and boundless and fervid devotion —"Here I am"—and parted.

Death is the great leveller, perhaps the only truly democratic force in this world, but the psychology of dying, so far as there is any, varies as regards the inner attitudes of people in different social surroundings and conditions. Franz Werfel in his brilliant short story *Der Tod des Kleinburgers* (the title of the English translation very inadequately being *The Death of a Poor Man*) holds that the death of a proletarian is very different from that of a petit-bourgeois. The genuine proletarian allows the doctors to argue, makes no demands, surrenders quietly, and without resentment to the unavoidable fate. But the petit-bourgeois refuses to die without resistance, being afraid to lose something besides his life—"a bank-account, a filthy bank-book, a respected name, an old tumble-down sofa".

This theme is illustrated by the story, written in a somewhat psychoanalytical manner, of a Viennese small commissioner struggling hard to delay by a few days his death from pneumonia in order to complete his sixty-fifth year and so secure for his family the advantages of an insurance policy due on this date. His dream phantasies reveal the clash in the subconscious between the process of natural dissolution and the instinct for the maintenance of his family.

The outstanding events of his life pass before his inner eye, distorted, but with a symbolic meaning. His former superiors, the colonel of his regiment, the priest of his church, the head official in his office, successively demand his submission to their will, the giving up of his resistance to the voice of the super-ego. But he bravely holds his own, overcoming all temptations, until the harbour of middle-class security, guaranteed by the policy, is reached.

We turn from the death of the patrician and of the humble citizen to that of a celebrated writer and intellectual. The patrician retains his dignity, the petit-bourgeois strives for security up to the last, but for the artist it is above all beauty and death, which form a characteristic correlation. Thomas Mann's novel, *Death in Venice,* shows the sudden zest for life of a celebrated writer who, after many years of strict work and self-discipline, surrenders to the fascination of southern life and the contemplation of the beauty of a Polish youth. It is not the importance of the plot, but the atmosphere of the ultimate revival of life, and of relaxation through the experience of human beauty, of threatening chaos and sudden death, which primarily claim our attention.

Beauty and death here overcome something which Thomas Mann does not depreciate—self-control, duty, and devotion to work. The irrational factor at last matches the rational one. There is in this story a romantic element expressed in language of great subtlety. The psychologist of death already shakes hands with the metaphysician, for Thomas Mann always had a tendency in both directions. In *The Magic Mountain* the former prevails, in *Buddenbrooks* the latter. Shortly before his death Senator Buddenbrook reads Schopenhauer's great work *The World as Will and Idea,* and finds consolation in the conception of the transmigration of souls ; for he hopes to be re-incarnated as a boy, more lively, more forceful, and more primitive than his own over-refined and morbid son. But in *The Magic Mountain* the psychoanalyst has replaced the metaphysician. In the Davos sanatorium illness is perhaps more relevant than death, in this strange little cosmos of eccentric adventurers of mind and of love, of gossipers, doctors and spiritualists, decay is a common feature, death often a commonplace. Hofrat Behrens, the efficient but rather cynical head of the Institute calls himself an " old retainer of Death " and thinks that people usually overrate it. The process of dying may sometimes be grim, but death itself—according to him—does not count very much.

> Out of the Darkness we come, and we return to it ; in between lie the experiences of our lives. But the beginning, and the end, birth and death, we do not experience. They have no subjective character, they are entirely in the category of objective events.

Hans Castorp, who represents the poet and metaphysician in Mann, accepts death far less easily than the doctor. Life—he thinks—is so short and problematic that men should always wear mourning, and their intercourse should be earnest and mellow. Castorp suggests even the creation of a new special formality of

death, a style suitable for human beings, the only ones on earth who are aware that they have to die. For Hofrat death is a triviality, for Castorp a riddle.

Thomas Mann deals with both aspects, but neo-romanticism best represented by H. v. Hofmannsthal (1874-1929) and R. M. Rilke (1875-1926) is occupied only with the second one. Their poetry shows that the thought of death can make for a deeper experience of life, if one understands its mysterious spell. Hofmannsthal, the refined and sensitive exponent of bygone Austrian culture, combined a deep sense of beauty with a painful knowledge of the instability of human life. He well understood the melancholy of the "Panta rei" of the Greek sage :—

How can it be that days that seem so near
Are gone, for ever gone and lost in death ?
This is a thing that none may rightly grasp,
A thing too dreadful for the trivial fear :
That all things glide away from our clasp ;
And that this I, unchecked by years has come
Across into me from a little child,
Like an uncanny creature strangely dumb
That existed centuries past somewhere,
That ancestors, on whom the earth is piled,
Are yet as close to me as my very hair,
As much of me as my very hair.[1]

Cruel as death is, however, it is not meaningless, it delivers a message to man to give up worldliness and selfishness in time and is an incentive to become better and more mature.

In the short lyric play *Death and the Fool,* the blasé æsthete Claudio is shown by death (who appears as a figure in most of Hofmannsthal's plays) that he has misspent his life in egoistic isolation. Therefore Death from the realm of shades calls upon the three main figures of his life, to whose kindness and devotion he responded with indifference and conceit : his mother, the girl he pretended to love but deserted at last, and the friend whom he betrayed. Too late the fool realizes that he meant nothing to anybody, and nobody meant anything to him. Yet he recognizes with gratitude the purifying power of death. Hitherto he knew neither life nor death. But death now brings more intensity to his last hour than life ever granted him. Death here calls himself the son of Dionysos and a kinsman of Venus :—

Arise ! discard inherited fear,
No figure of dread am I
The great God of the Soul
To Venus akin, Dionysos' son is near.

Death matures all that it touches. The same idea, together with the second one of the social function of death, is to be found in the poet's later plays. Death is praised as the democratic leveller. In the *Great World Theatre of Salzburg,* constructed on Calderon's model, four social types—king, rich man, peasant, and beggar—face death. The beggar rebels against the unjust social order of a world, where power and wealth mean everything and where beauty is also their retainer. Yet in the end he learns that it is not the rôle we play in this world that matters, but the final attitude of the player leaving the stage. Inner values are of more importance than exterior ones ; theology counts for more than sociology. There is compensation for

[1] *The Lyrical Poems* of *H.* v. Hofmannsthal, translated by C. W. STORK, p. 34, (Yale University Press, New Haven 1918).

the social sufferings of the beggar in the greater dignity and maturity obtained by the sufferer. The beggar, socially the lowest figure, becomes metaphysically the leader. He dies reconciled to his lot, ready even to help his former oppressors, raised to maturity. A solution which is anti-revolutionary and based on the tradition of Catholicism.

Of Rilke one of his intimate friends could say : " He was a poet of death." Exactly ; but it was in a way as original and profound as it is difficult to understand with the normal categories of rationality. Rilke's was not so much a rational as an intuitive mind, he was a kinsman of Meister Eckhart and Hölderlin and his imagination was of a peculiar kind, existing " in visions of embodied abstractions ". His precision and painstaking devotion reached their climax in his last works *Sonnets to Orpheus* and *Elegies from the Castle of Duino*.[1]

For him life and death are one, two different aspects of the one reality we can never fully grasp. We are players on the stage of life, but occasionally we obtain a glimpse of the other realm which is greater and more important.

Of parts we play, the world as yet is full,
The while, concerned, to please we all essay,
Death also plays—although he pleases not.

But on thy departure came reality, to the crevice
On this stage, through which thou gently passed ;
The truest green, the brightest sun, forest wide
And vast.

Still on we play, declaiming what with trouble
We here did learn,
To Silence too perchance we turn ;
Yet now and then, the knowledge of thy distant being,
Convincingly descends ;
Arrested then, awhile we stand,
And play the part of Life—oblivious of applause.

For Rilke death is intrinsic in life, originating with life itself not representing only its end ; it is neither a catastrophe nor a gentle expiration, but a fruit, the seeds of which are sown at the birth of every individual, and it grows with the growth of each one.

In a requiem devoted to the death of a young girl the poet expresses this idea :—

Your Death was already old when your life began,
Therefore he attacked it so that it could not survive him.

Death is universal, but should be individual. Everybody should experience a death corresponding to his own nature and inner structure. Rilke postulates individualism of death as a remedy in a mechanised and over-collectivized age :—

Lord ! vouchsafe to each a Death his own
Proceeding from a Life in which
Was Love, and Thought, and Need.

But husks are we, the leaves of which,
In all contained, are Death, the Fruit,
The Aim and End.

Rilke distinguishes thus between the " great death " truly adequate to the individual, full of mystery and sense, and the " small death ", stereotyped and deprived of any inner experience. In the big cities of Berlin and Paris the migratory poet realized not only dreary sickness and poverty on a large scale, but in the hospitals also a mass-production of death

[1] There is an English translation of the *Sonnets* by J. B. Leisham (London 1936) and of one of the *Elegies* by V. Sackville-West and E. Sackville-West (London 1936).

cases which appeared undignified and depressing to him. This is shown by a glance at *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge,*[1] written in soft and mellow language. For the poor Danish aristocrat, Brigge, the barriers between life and death, reality and imagination, are lifted in a strange manner sometimes reminiscent of the delicate romanticist Novalis. In these memoirs we hear from deceased relatives of the narrator, who walk through the rooms of the castle in which the family is sitting in fear and uneasiness. The reappearance of the dead is here taken for granted, and not treated with a friendly irony as in the description of the spiritualist meetings in *The Magic Mountain.*

In his later years Rilke stressed the need to "keep life open to death", and from this new conception of existence which comprised life as well as death he tried to find an interpretation of love which cannot be discussed here. At the same time his language became more and more difficult—and even mysterious—for the ordinary reader. Seldom in our age has the deep wonder and mystery of our uncertain fate been expressed in a more striking manner than in the following lines from the poem *Death* :—

What strange Beings then are These, that with
Poison one must chase?
Would otherwise they, fascinated, stay,
Partaking still of our hindered Meal?
Robbed by a relentless Present,
Deprived thus of their teeth,
They lisp, and mouth, and whine ....
.. ..
O! Shower of Stars,
From a Bridge once seen,
Forget thee not. Stand!

To keep life open to death does not mean an escape from life. Rilke once stated that he who truly understands and celebrates Death makes Life also great. Undoubtedly life would be shallow without the problem of death, and many great things are done with a view to, or in spite of, death; on the other hand it would be intolerable to human nature to gaze unremittingly at death. We have on the one hand the optimistic rational view of man which prevailed during the period of enlightenment and of the French Revolution and which is in full swing in Russia to-day. According to this idea the progress of civilization, or that of a class, means everything; only a "good life" is aimed at, and the death of an individual is of minor importance and no real problem. On the other hand there is the pessimistic idea of man, which, following the orthodox Christian tradition, stresses sin, decay, death and judgment. According to this view death is a sword permanently hanging over man as a warning and an appeal. Thomas Mann impartially represented and embodied these two opposite attitudes to life and death in two remarkable types in *The Magic Mountain,* the eloquent Italian freethinker Settembrini and the fanatic Catholic priest Naphta. Hans Castorp, probably the mouthpiece of the author's views, ponders long over the different outlooks on life and death. Both try to win him over, but neither of them succeeds. Finally he takes up a position of his own. He thinks it equally wrong to avert one's eyes from death or to dwell on it and thus become its slave. Death

[1] English translation by J. Linton (London 1930).

is powerful, but love and goodness are still greater. These reflections embody the most valuable aspect of the problem of death which modern German literature has to offer.

Death—so Hans Castorp says to himself—is a great power. I will keep faith with death in my heart, yet will remember that faith with death and the dead is evil, and hostile to humanity, as soon as we give it dominion over thought and action. For the sake of goodness and love, man shall allow death no sovereignty over his thoughts.

ERNST KOHN-BRAMSTEDT

II.—IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

[**Philip Henderson** is the author of *The Novel of To-day* and other volumes. —EDS.]

It is a paradox that when we are faced with death we begin to think seriously about the value and meaning of life. Nothing makes us so acutely aware of ourselves and our position in the universe as the prospect of dying. Thus it is hardly surprising to find that in literature the problem of death is closely linked up with the problem of self-knowledge and personal integrity.

For the purposes of social life we may make certain generalizations about experience, but in death we are alone ; and alone, face to face with ourselves and our own isolation, these generalizations appear painfully superficial and inadequate. Death is a great winnower of values, and on how we face its challenge will depend the value that we give to our lives. It is in fact only when faced with death that we see ourselves divested of all disguises and as we really are. For then action ceases and we are left with our own interior world.

This conflict between the world of action and the interior world of spiritual values is seen nowhere so clearly in modern English literature as in the novels of E. M. Forster. In *Howards End*, Mrs. Wilcox, the wife of the ruthlessly utilitarian business man, cannot reconcile these two worlds ; their eternal conflict and contradiction is too much for her, so she dies. But the country house, Howards End, which seems to embody all her secret inner life, remains, pervaded by her presence, as a symbol of those values of gentleness, understanding and personal integrity which her husband and son have sacrificed in their lifelong pursuit of " success ". The Wilcoxes are successful men, they " get things done ", they make a good deal of money, but their lives are intrinsically meaningless and based on fear because they refuse to face themselves or reckon with any thought or emotion which would widen and deepen their vision of life beyond the pursuit of immediate end. Their lives are shown as one long flight from themselves through a succession of busy activities which keep them safely on the hard utilitarian surface of life. But the death of Mrs. Wilcox opens her husband's eyes to what life might mean. He marries a young woman, Miss Schlegel, who stands for everything that, as a practical business man, he has all his life refused to

recognise—and the opposites are at last united under the influence of Howards End. But Forster is careful to imply that the salvation of Mr. Wilcox could not have been brought about except through the intervention of death, which opened to him a fuller and richer life than any he had experienced before.

The novels of Virginia Woolf are full of a sense of time, change and decay. Her peculiarly delicate and intuitive apprehension of the world of phenomena arises from a feeling of the impermanence and instability of human life and the evanescence of all things. This is felt most strongly, perhaps, in *To the Lighthouse* and *The Years,* where the characters seem to move in a dream-world of super-reality and the objects of the exterior world appear strangely distinct and yet remote as though perceived from a point of vision removed from the uses of everyday life. Here again, as in *Howards End,* the death of Mrs. Ramsay effects a strange metamorphosis in the lives of the other characters who, while still living, yet seem to have become a part of her death, so that in the latter part of the book the outer world becomes still more transient, evanescent and dream-like. At the conclusion of *Mrs. Dalloway* the polite social world of the party in Westminster, for which everything else in the book has been a gradual preparation, is once more revealed in all its superficiality by the sudden and unexpected presence of death. The death of an insignificant and mentally deranged young man suddenly brings home to Clarissa Dalloway, as she stands at the top of the staircase receiving her distinguished guests, all the hollowness of the social ambitions upon which her life is built ; the news awakens her to a sense of the reality of her position and her lost integrity.

> A thing there was that mattered ; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter. This he had preserved ... Death was an attempt to communicate, people feeling the impossibility of reaching the centre which, mystically, evaded them ..... Somehow it was her disaster—her disgrace. It was her punishment to see sink and disappear here a man, there a woman, in this profound darkness, and she forced to stand there in her evening dress.

The same sense of the transience and instability of human life may be found in the poetry of T. S. Eliot, though his work moves consistently at a deeper level of consciousness than the novels of Virginia Woolf, for all that her novels are in reality extended poems. Eliot's poetry is haunted with images of death. It might almost be said that he writes habitually as one at the point of death. In *The Waste Land* he meditates on the moments of significance in his own life, finds it bitter and arid and thirsts for the waters of spiritual rebirth. His heart torn between the claims of sensual and supersensual love, he seeks a wisdom that will resolve this contradiction and allay the conflagration of his senses, meditating on the teaching of the Buddha and the life of Saint Augustine. The poem ends with the dissolution of all civilization and the spirit wandering in the wilderness in search of God and " the Peace that passeth understanding ". In *The Hollow Men,* a mysterious and

beautiful poem that followed *The Waste Land*, Eliot attempts to cross in imagination to "death's other kingdom". But there he can only discern in the twilight fading fragments of his earthly experience and the promise of that final meeting with himself from which he shrinks.

> Eyes I dare not meet in dreams
> In death's dream kingdom
> These do not appear
> There, the eyes are
> Sunlight on a broken column
> There, is a tree swinging
> And voices are
> More distant and more solemn
> Than a fading star.
>
> Let me be no nearer
> In death's dream kingdom.
> Let me also wear
> Such deliberate disguises
> Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
> In a field
> Behaving as the wind behaves
> No nearer—
>
> Not that final meeting
> In the twilight kingdom

He realises, however, that he will be

> Sightless, unless
> The eyes reappear
> As the perpetual star
> Multifoliate rose
> Of death's twilight kingdom.

At that final meeting there can be no disguises. He must face himself as he is or remain blind, and the vision of that judgment must become the guiding star of his soul in its passage through death. In *A Song for Simeon* he tells us that :—

> My life is light, waiting for the death wind
> Like a feather on the back of my hand.

This continual consciousness of the nearness of death in Eliot's poetry has the effect of deepening his perception of reality. By realising the transience of all experience, he feels all the more keenly its moments of greatest value. His awareness of death makes him all the more determined to discover the true meaning of life.

There has always been an intermittent metaphysical strain in the novels of Aldous Huxley, but it is only in his last religio-philosophic work *Ends and Means* that it has at last come into such prominence. At the conclusion of that often profound and witty novel *Those Barren Leaves*, one of the characters, Calamy, leaves the house-party in the Italian palace, where everything under the sun is perpetually and inconclusively discussed, and retires to the mountains alone, in search of inner tranquillity. In his solitude he is visited by the cynical philosopher Mr. Cardan and the bitter sceptic Francis Chelifer and the three friends engage in a Platonic discussion that centres round the eternal problem of the purpose and meaning of life. Mr. Cardan asserts that the soul is at the mercy of the body and dies with it, but Calamy is determined, through disciplined meditation, to arrive at a reality beyond the limitations of ordinary existence.

> Even if it is impossible to get at reality, he concedes, the fact that reality exists and is manifestly very different from what we ordinarily suppose it to be, surely throws some light on this horrible death business. Certainly, as things seem to happen, it's as if the body did get hold of the soul and kill it. But the real facts of the case may be entirely different...What is the reality on which the abstracting, symbolizing mind does its work of abstraction and symbolism? It is possible that, at death, we may find out. And in any case, what is death, *really*?

The question, like most of the more profound questions in Huxley's novels, remains unanswered. Chelifer, however, denies any reality apart

from the external world and the limitations of ordinary existence, and condemns those who claim to have any knowledge of it as "sentimental imbeciles". But Calamy points out that, far from being imbeciles, such people have generally been men of the highest intelligence, and he instances Buddha, Jesus, Lao-tsze, Boehme and others, remarking that their approach to reality was, in all essentials, conspicuously similar.

No, he tells them, it is not fools who turn mystics. It takes a certain amount of intelligence and imagination to realise the extraordinary queerness and mysteriousness of the world in which we live. The fools, the innumerable fools, take it all for granted, skate cheerfully on the surface and never think of inquiring what's underneath.

Many of D. H. Lawrence's *Last Poems* are devoted to meditations upon his approaching death, which he regarded as the extinction of his old self so that his new self might be born. "The Ship of Death" begins :

Now it is autumn and the falling fruit
and the long journey towards oblivion..
And it is time to go, to bid farewell
to one's own self, and find an exit
from the fallen self.

And he came to welcome the thought of death for its promise of a long sleep and a healing "from all this ache of being", from which he believed that he would awake renewed, like the man in his fable *The Man Who Died*. Like a seed he saw himself germinating in the winter darkness of the earth, and in "Shadows", one of his last and most beautiful poems, he gave expression to this faith. Lawrence had often said that we must have faith in life ; now he discovered that it was just as important to have faith in death.

And if, as autumn deepens and darkens
I feel the pain of falling leaves, and stems
that break in storms
and trouble and dissolution and distress
and the softness of deep shadows folding,
folding
around my soul and spirit, around my
lips
so sweet, like a swoon, or more like the
drowse of a low, sad song
singing darker than the nightingale, on,
on to the solstice
and in the silence of short days, the
silence of the year, the shadow,
then I shall know that my life is moving
still
with the dark earth, and drenched
with the deep oblivion of earth's lapse
and renewal.

PHILIP HENDERSON

WORDSWORTH

HIS "PRELUDE" AND THE UPANISHADS

[**Manjeri S. Isvaran** has published three small volumes two of which are poems, *Saffron and Gold* and *Altar of Flowers*.—EDS.]

The Prelude shows, by its sub-title, "The Growth of a Poet's Mind". It is an authentic record of Wordsworth's life from childhood to early middle age, told with such apparent sincerity that in spite of its occasional dullness, its egoism and didacticism, it remains a reservoir of pure poetic energy demonstrating Wordsworth's thesis of life, always poetical, but never clearly philosophical although it touches philosophy at points. A theory of life invites an ideal, which flourishes like a flower amid nettles and an ideal in life imports a mission. Wordsworth claimed for himself a mission to interpret Nature, felt that a

> ....bond unknown to me
> Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
> A dedicated Spirit,

to rouse in man perception leading to discipline—"teaching seriously and sweetly through the affections, melting the heart, and through that instinct of tenderness, developing the understanding".

How far did Wordsworth himself realize this ideal of the dedicated spirit? What exactly did he mean by Nature? The Universe implying the Highest Truth: the mind of Man and the mind of God as being identical? If so did he attain the vision and comprehension of it? To these questions raised by his autobiographical poem, *The Prelude*, a Hindu approach in the light of the Upanishadic lore is attempted here.

The Prelude describes Wordsworth's childhood and boyhood as happy, in the sense that it provided an excellent preparation for his poetic maturity. Nature for him was fraught with danger and desire:—

> Fair seed-time had my soul, and I grew up
> Fostered alike by beauty and by fear.

He becomes vaguely aware of a life about him, of a higher power than fancy, but airy phantasies oppress his mind and though welcome light dawns from the East, it dawns only to disappear,

> And mock me with a sky that ripens not
> Into a steady morning.

But in the crisis of adventure it is not the sense of physical fear that overpowers him; it is imaginative terror before a power as yet uncomprehended:—

> When I have hung
> Above the raven's nest, by knots of grass
> And half-inch fissures in the slippery rock
> But ill-sustained, and almost (so it seemed)
> Suspended by the blast that blew amain,
> Shouldering the naked crag, oh, at that time
> While on the perilous ridge I hung alone,
> With what strong utterance did the loud dry wind
> Blow through my ear! the sky seemed not a sky
> Of earth—and with what motion moved the clouds!

The mind of man is like a moon in which thoughts like shadows chase one another, and as these thoughts are sometimes harmonious but often hostile, there does not seem to be an

integral and abiding power in or about it. The movement of the mind is usually towards the world, not towards the Self, the Primary Me ; and even when it is so, it is concerned with the objectivity of the world. Anaxagoras found in mind the primal element ; Kant came with his famous dictum : The World arises in consciousness. Using the same knowledge, and by a process of contemplation brightened by memory and strengthened by the Imaginative Will, Wordsworth sees the smallest fragment in the world as wakeful and alert and tingling with life, with the life of the whole.

> ....him who looks
> In steadiness, who hath among least things
> An undersense of greatest : sees the parts
> As parts, but with a feeling of the whole.

This is at best only a mystical experience, and even when he speaks of :

> Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
> Like harmony in music, there is a dark
> Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
> Discordant elements, makes them cling together,
> In one society.

or,

> Wisdom and spirit of the Universe !
> Thou Soul that art the Eternity of Thought,
> That givest to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion, not in vain
> By day or starlight thus from my first dawn
> Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
> The passions that build up our human soul ;
> Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
> But with high objects, with enduring things—
> With life and nature—purifying thus
> The elements of feeling and of thought,
> And sanctifying by such discipline,
> Both pain and fear, until we recognise
> A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Contemplation which he has wrought out of a " wise passiveness " into a theory of knowledge only succeeds in reinforcing the imaginative Will and fails to realize a Truth higher than Nature. He worships " Presences of Nature in the Sky and on the Earth " " Visions of the Hills ", and " Souls of Lonely Places " ; such a worship, while bestowing on him the sense of the eternal in life, does not give him even fleeting glimpses of his own Soul, of which the Universe is the symbol and the reflection. His poetic insight, which is as intense in motive as his poetic vision, leads him to the very frontier of a discovery of the secret of the Universe, as in the following passages :

> But that the soul
> Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
> Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
> Of possible sublimity, whereto
> With growing faculties she doth aspire,
> With faculties still growing, feeling still
> That whatsoever point they gain, they yet
> Have something to pursue.

And when the eye is single in utter solitude :—

> Oft in those moments such a holy calm
> Would overspread my soul, that bodily eyes
> Were utterly forgotten, and what I saw
> Appeared like something in myself, a dream,
> A prospect in the mind.

Or when a mood of his own warred with the general tendency of external things, but for the most part subdued and subservient :—

> An auxiliar light
> Came from my mind, which on the setting sun
> Bestowed new splendour ; the melodious birds,
> The fluttering breezes, fountains that run on
> Murmuring so sweetly in themselves, obeyed
> A like dominion, and the midnight storm
> Grew darker in the presence of my eye !

Hence my obeisance, my devotion hence,
And hence my transport.

"Possible Sublimity", "A Prospect in the Mind", "An Auxiliar Light", are phrases timid of the Supreme Reality, the One Truth underlying the apparent three : the World, the Soul and God ; they fail to convey the Upanishadic ideal of *atma-saksatkara* or self-realization, the realization that the Universe is but the expression of One Universal Self, *Brahman.*

As Professor Raleigh well observes:

He was haunted by a sense that truth was there, directly before him, filling the whole compass of the Universe—the greatest and most obvious and clearest of all things, if only the eye could learn to see it. But the tricky and ill-trained sense of man moves vacantly over its surface and finds nothing to arrest attention ; sees nothing indeed, until it is caught by the antics of some of its old accomplices ... For himself, he sought admittance to the mystery by two principal means. It is something to rid the mind of petty cares and to be still and attentive, but it is not enough. There are guides to the heights of contemplation ; and there are fortunate moments of excitement that roll away the clouds against which the traveller has long been straining his baffled eyesight.

Wordsworth did not surrender his self in the process of contemplation —which surrender is the supreme Yoga ; by a series of accumulated impressions he touched his own past, and wrapped his experiences in the glowing amber of memory. And because there was no surrender of the individual self he mistook the illumination of his own highly wrought emotions as the divine illumination. His ultimate conception of Nature was her identity with life.

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree,
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity
Of first and last and midst and without end.

All he beheld "respired with inward meaning".

It was no madness, for the bodily eye
Amid my strongest workings evermore
Was searching out the lines of difference
As they lie hid in all external forms,
Near or remote, minute or vast ; an eye
Which from a tree, a stone, a withered leaf,
To the broad ocean and the azure heavens
Spangled with kindred multitudes of stars,
Could find no surface where its power might sleep ;
Which spake perpetual logic to my soul,
And by an unrelenting agency
Did bind my feelings even as in a chain.

However, by this identity with life it should not be meant that any theory of pantheism is attributed to Wordsworth. He is a pantheist in so far as he is a pagan naturalist by his minute and intimate descriptions of the phenomena of Nature:

....the earth
And common face of Nature spake to me
Remarkable things.

When the meaning of the phenomena was there before his eyes, he tried to discover it and was caught in the mazes of a mystical philosophy.

With Indian awe and wonder, ignorance pleased
With its own struggles, did I meditate
On the relation those abstractions bear
To Nature's laws, and by what process led
Those immaterial agents bowed their heads
Duly to serve the mind of earth-born man ;
From star to star, from kindred sphere to sphere,
From system to system without end.

Again and again he creates these moods of suspension by reason of his analysis, and there is no getting away from the ego-centre, to which his ex-

periences have narrowed him down. But Nature to him is always *Natura Benigna,* as Watts-Dunton puts it, and he finds his poise in Nature :

For what we are and what we may become
Than Nature's self, which is the breath of God,
His Pure Word by miracle revealed.

Or

The power which all
Acknowledge when thus moved, which Nature thus
To bodily sense exhibits, is the express
Resemblance of that glorious faculty
That higher minds bear with them as their own
This is the very spirit in which they deal
With the whole compass of the Universe !
They from their native selves can send abroad
Kindred mutations ; for themselves create
A like existence ; and whene'er it dawns
Created for them, catch it, or are caught
By its inevitable mastery
Like angels stopped on the wing by sound
Of Harmony from Heaven's remotest spheres !
* * * * * *
Such minds are truly from the Deity.

These passages reveal a touch of the Infinite, but Nature is hardly the Upanishadic *Brahman.* By reason, blest by faith, Wordsworth exalts spiritual beauty :—

In beauty exalted, as it is itself
Of quality and fabric more divine,

which exaltation he uses to evoke the harmony within him.

The Upanishads do not recognize the reality of the separative soul ; the Reality is only the state of utter egolessness, freedom of the self from the bondage of the body and the realization that Man Himself is the Supreme, timeless and spaceless. Such a realization experiences the mysteries of which Wordsworth wrote but never fully experienced.

Those mysteries of being which have made
And shall continue evermore to make
Of the whole human race one brotherhood.

Wordsworth had the poetic vision preëminently, but he lacked the spiritual vision which is the basis of all Yoga ; and he built on Nature, now with introspection, now with analytical reasoning, an opulent mansion, pale beyond porch and portal of the One Reality, for his Self to inhabit. And he lived here in holy communion with Nature, in the bliss of solitude, strengthened by the memory of a youth that was immortal. And today he remains a great nature-mystic instead of the *atma-gnani* he might have been had he escaped his ego. But when life becomes to one an oppressive night, his faith will shine like a neon gleam to light one in one's darkness ; his honesty strengthen, his primordial tenderness, like wholesome herbs, heal and console.

MANJERI S. ISVARAN

PROPRIETARY THOUGHTS

[Eleanor M. Hough, Ph.D., is the author of *The Co-operative Movement in India*.—EDS.]

> Hawkesworth said of Johnson, "You have a memory that would convict any author of plagiarism in any court of literature in the world".

Literary piracy, which has now become the eighth deadly sin, has only lately been considered wrong at all. The concept of property rights in works of the mind dates back no farther than the printing-press. The Roman law provided quaintly, as Blackstone points out, that anything written on another's paper or parchment was the property of the owner of the blank materials! It seems absurd to us to-day, but is it any more so than some of the views current on the subject of plagiarism?

What constitutes plagiarism? According to Webster, a plagiarist is "one who plagiarizes, or purloins the words, writings or ideas of another, and passes them off as his own; a literary thief". Obviously an unauthorized edition of a living author's book, an unacknowledged reprint of his article or poem, constitutes literary piracy. Even a particularly felicitous and characteristic combination of words, which in its brief completeness constituted a motto or a maxim, would be, no doubt, claimable as the brain property of the author, and the giving out of it by another as his own would properly be stigmatized as plagiarism. But we have a quarrel with Webster's sweeping definition on two counts: first, the fantastic implication that can be read into it that certain words *qua* words can belong to one man who may forbid their use by others, and secondly, the no less debatable assumption that a man's thoughts are exclusively his individual production and his own private property.

The former could be stretched to bring under Webster's condemnation every man who puts his pen to paper. For who does not depend on others' words for his own self-expression? If one essayed inventing all his words as he went along, not only would he fail to convey his thought, but also he might soon find himself an involuntary guest in one of the retreats maintained at state expense for the most original of our thinkers. What a world it would be if men could fence off words as they have fenced off land, and forbid the rest of us to trespass on their property! Obviously, Webster's definition must not be stretched too far in that direction.

But what about ideas? Does the lapidary who cuts and polishes the precious stone steal credit from the man who brought it from the mine? And the goldsmith who in turn sets the jewel, does he rob the lapidary of his due? Or, to borrow a simile from skiing, does it constitute a theft to use another's thought as the ramp from which to soar off into space?

The changes have been rung so many times upon a charge of plagiarism that one who hurls the epithet of "plagiarist" to-day almost inevi-

tably lays himself open to a *tu quoque* retort. The accused, moreover, finds himself in most distinguished company. Has it not been proved that even Shakespeare's plays did not all spring, Minerva-like, full-panoplied from the brain of the Jupiter of English letters ? Some are of humbler ancestry, tracing their plots, their incidents and their characters to the fancies of probably deservedly obscure Italian writers. Their dross was turned by Shakespeare's genius into gold. Was any man the poorer for that unacknowledged borrowing ?

Longfellow likewise drew without acknowledgment upon the German translation, then but little known, of the Finnish saga, the *Kalevala,* for *Hiawatha,* his inspiring epic of the legendary hero of the North American Indians. Was the *Kalevala* or were its bards the poorer for the opening of its treasures to the English-speaking world without the label of their country of origin ? For *Hiawatha* was not a translation in the strict sense ; it was an adaptation of the *Kalevala* to an alien land and an alien people, and the greatness of a national epic is never more vividly evident than when such a successful adaptation proves the universality of its appeal.

The Hindi *Ramayana* of Tulsidas, to take an example from Indian literature, is no mere translation but deservedly ranks as a great original composition, though owing its main inspiration to the genius of Valmiki who gave the world the Sanskrit *Ramayana* in its present form. The gold has been melted and poured into a fresh mould ; a new stamp has been put upon the coin ; that is all. Men do not ask from what mine gold has come before they will accept it and add it to their wealth.

Cases could be multiplied of gifted authors being taxed with using as their raw materials thoughts partly processed by their predecessors. The most recent charge against an author for failure to acknowledge the source of his inspiration is that brought by Miss Esther Shephard in a contemptuous biography the title of which reveals its animus—*Walt Whitman's Pose.* Miss Shephard would have it that George Sand's little known novel, *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt,* a quotation from which was found among Whitman's papers after his death, was the major influence in his career and furnished the impetus for his literary as well as personal " pose " as the free and natural poet of humanity, the champion of democracy and the spokesman of a new world.

Granting the resemblance between Madame Dudevant's hero—with his exalted views of man, of life, of human brotherhood—and the American poet, does it prove anything except the fundamental sympathy of outlook between the two great writers ? Was Whitman really " artful and egotistic ", as Miss Shephard claims ? Did he deliberately and fraudulently hide the fact that he had read George Sand's novel, in fulfilment of his avowed effort to stand alone, independent of literary props ? We need not bring the obvious refutation that, if Whitman all his life had so sedulously kept hidden this " secret ", one of such magnitude, according to Miss Shephard's exaggerated fancy, that the deception corrupted his life, he would hardly have left a tell-tale quo-

tation from the book among his papers as evidence against him !

Leaves of Grass was hailed by Emerson as " the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed ", and it enjoyed a wide circulation. It appeared in 1855 and several editions had come out before 1876, when George Sand died. If she herself had felt that she had been defrauded of her due of credit, she would have had ample time to state her claims as Whitman's *inspiratrice*. Naturally those who share Miss Shephard's pigmy prejudice against a man cast in a larger mould than most of us are quick with their applause of her findings. We have seen one review in which the writer shakes his head piously over this alleged concealment as "a serious indication of the man ". It would be funny were it not so sad.

After all, what obligation lies upon an author to proclaim each book that he has ever read, to docket, as it were, the source of every thought ? We are reminded of a reflection of sage Epictetus which seems apposite :—

> As sheep do not bring their food to the shepherds to show how much they have eaten, but digesting inwardly their provender, bear outwardly wool and milk, even so do not thou, for the most part, display the maxims before the vulgar, but rather the works which follow from them when they are digested.

Is not the fact as Dr. Cromwell stated it at least half a century ago, that " true talent will become original in the very act of engaging itself with the ideas of others " ? Or, as Milton wrote : " Such kind of borrowing as this, *if it be not bettered* by the borrower is accounted plagiary." Judicial interpretation of the English copyright law, the *Encyclopædia Britannica* tells us, has set up as the criterion of originality in a literary production " whether the author or compiler has really put his own brainwork into it ". Could any one deny to *Leaves of Grass* the mint-mark not of Whitman's brain alone but of his very soul ?

What is an *original* idea, and are any thoughts in very truth our own ? The whole conception of thought piracy, it seems to me, springs from a shop-keeping mentality and from ignorance of the laws that govern thought. " My " and " mine " and their equivalents in every tongue are ugly words at best, but they are never more repellent—nay, more false—than on the lips of artist or of thinker. Either, by his greater sensitiveness than most men possess, is enabled to catch a clearer reflection from the world of ideas than is vouchsafed to the average man. The West has had no conception of that world except from such vague hints as it has gleaned from Plato's Archetypes and from the Astral Light of the Western Kabalists, of which Eliphas Lévi particularly wrote so mysteriously.

The hypothesis of such a supersensuous medium, where all men's thoughts are stored to be reflected thence into receptive minds, seems to offer a valuable clue for research into thought transference, which has of late been engaging the attention of sober scientists. It would explain, for instance, as apparently nothing else can, why " literary doubles " are so common a phenomenon, why so often two or more independent authors start almost simultaneously to write biographies of the same in-

dividual, sometimes of one little in the public eye. Especially it gives a hint worth following up for many cases of apparent pilfering of others' thoughts, in which the "plagiarist" stoutly denies that he has ever seen the work he is accused of copying.

From a slightly different point of view, the frequency of plagiarism innocent of fraudulent intention affords a striking proof of the fact of human solidarity. Our minds are "bibulous of the sea of thought" in which we move and which is so much our native element that we are no more aware of it than fish may be supposed to realize that they are in the sea. A thought is no man's individual production but each man, like a worker in the assembling-plant of a great factory, may add what he can to a thought as it passes him. Carlyle has seen it in a flash of intuition thus :

> Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future.

ELEANOR M. HOUGH

Now, since the metaphysics of Occult physiology and psychology postulate within mortal man an immortal entity, "divine Mind", or *Nous*, whose pale and too often distorted reflection is that, which we call "Mind" and intellect in men —virtually an entity apart from the former during the period of every incarnation —we say that the *two* sources of "memory" are in these two "principles". These two we distinguish as the Higher *Manas* (Mind or Ego), and the *Kama-Manas*, *i.e.*, the rational, but earthly or physical intellect of man, incased in, and bound by, matter, therefore subject to the influence of the latter : the all-conscious SELF, that which reincarnates periodically—verily the WORD made flesh !—and which is always the same, while its reflected "Double", changing with every new incarnation and personality, is, therefore, conscious but for a life-period. The latter "principle" is the *Lower* Self, or that, which manifesting through our *organic* system, acting on this plane of illusion, imagines itself the *Ego Sum*, and thus falls into what Buddhist philosophy brands as the "heresy of separateness". The former, we term INDIVIDUALITY, the latter *Personality*. From the first proceeds all the *noëtic* element, from the second, the *psychic*, *i.e.*, "terrestrial wisdom" at best, as it is influenced by all the chaotic stimuli of the human or rather *animal passions* of the living body.

—H. P. BLAVATSKY in *Raja-Yoga or Occultism* (p. 66)

THE WORLD OF FOLK-SONG

[**Professor Roy Mitchell** is a member of the faculty of the School of Education of New York University and specializes in the æsthetics of the theatre, the history of art as related to the theatre and in phases of speech and song. During the past eight years he has been engaged in research into native song and instrumentation and with a group of his colleagues called "The Consort" has offered the fruit of their inquiries in concerts, recitals and lectures in New York and the Eastern States. The present article is part of a book now in preparation.—EDS.]

Somebody has said of the Irish that they have had two kinds of poets—the high, obscure poets whom the people revered, and the simple, forthright poets, whom the people loved. High obscure poetry may be born of communion with the gods, and these poets like to think it is, but something that closely resembles it may be born of nothing more than a desire to be obscure, and this is far oftener the truth. The simple poet has no such refuge in the clouds. He cannot live by reputation. His poetry must delight or perish.

There are always two kinds of music in the world. There is the music of skill—skill of contrivance and skill of discernment—which for both maker and listener is an exercise of the motions of the mind, and there is a music of the motions of the soul. Each must give its own kind of delight, but the mark of the music which is so much of the mind is that it must always flatter the mind. It must always be self-conscious. It must be clever ; it must allow for the inventions that give prestige to the practitioner ; it must easily tire, must change. So it runs in grooves, obeys fashions, has revolutions, reforms, significant figures, movements, schools. It celebrates its greatness, it says, "How much better we are than we were". It confuses novelty with originality. It worships the new and half pities the old.

It is the music that is reputed to evolve, to mount and mount to a splendid now, and this saves the wear and tear of critical judgment, because to know which of two things is better you have merely to look at the date. It is the music of people who, having only one life to live, like to think they are living it at a peak of human achievement. It is court music, wealthy patron's music, pedagogue's music, virtuoso's music, too often instrument-maker's music. It may be great and moving, it may be ponderous and studied and dull, but it must always be different. It is the ever-changing.

The mark of that other music is that it is not self-conscious, has no theories of itself, writes no definitions, engenders no learned debates. It has homely means for its processes and its makers invent or sing or play it for the intrinsic delight of it. It may be expert and intricate but it is rarely professional, and therefore it has no paid promoters and few contenders for its importance in a cultural diagogy. It is spontaneous, born of the annals of a people, fits close to their daily lives, their work, their merrymaking and their tragedies. It

is preserved in many memories, as the old oral scriptures are preserved, with an accuracy that by a strange paradox we have lost in our era of the historic sense, of editors and print and copyright and pretending to be exact. None the less it is fluid in performance. On a framework of melody which is ageless, the singer or player may make his own style, his own mood, his own time, his own divisions and flowers. When he has ended, the melody slips back into its ageless form again. Nobody can say how old its themes and its sequences really are, by whom they were made or when. It has no historic names and needs none.

It is the music of those who cleave to the essential majesty of the human soul in whatever surroundings, who believe with Plato that the soul brings with it innate powers far transcending those it ordinarily manifests on earth. It is the music of men and women who by imagination or reasoned belief can think of themselves as citizens of the ages, and, with no fierce preference for the modern, can think of any culture and any music as their own. It is the stream from which every age has drawn the life for its formal music. It is the ever-living.

Our academic music of Western Europe is only one of many structures erected on the native form. Ancient Greece had one—perhaps several—of such forms. Egypt had hers and Babylonia and Persia theirs. India's concern with *raga* and *ragini* and the appropriate mode for the hour of the day are a temporary preoccupation with a phase of a far wider music. The kind of song most people identify with China is not the native outpouring of the Chinese race but the overlaid and elaborated art-song of actors and courtesans.

We may safely assume that for every civilization there has been a studied music of which scarcely a trace may remain, and I think we may assume also that in a few thousand years our own cloud-capped towers of harmonic tissue will have vanished into thin air, leaving on earth nothing but a few melodies and a lingering preference for our familiar cadences.

Of course it can be argued that the native music of the world is the crude ore which must be refined and minted into the musical currency of a great civilization. Unfortunately this has scarcely ever been argued. If it had we would possess a much richer knowledge of the relation of the two. Nearly always the crude simplicity of native music has been assumed and the writer, without sufficient knowledge, has proceeded on the theory that native music is the childish groping and cultivated music the maturer vision. Until a few years ago there were good reasons for believing this to be the fact. All we knew of native music was contained in printed collections of folk-song, in which none too responsible editors made over their material to embody their own ideas, or more honest but baffled editors found that they must twist delicate nuances to fit them into our debauched piano scale, or must clip intricate rhythms to accommodate them to our infantile squared notation. Out of this stultification, made necessary by our own insensitivities, arose the common idea that native music must

be naïve, could have no subtleties—that it was primitive.

With the rise during the last three decades of phonographic recording we have had a new revelation. The native music of the world is not a poorer, cheaper, easier music. It is a different music. It can be so subtle and so fluent as to defy all our symbols. It is a complete column from the little two-note melodies that are hardly more than drum rhythms, to the most exquisite use of the archetypal modes. It demonstrates that musical genius is where you find it, that musical capacity does not go hand-in-hand with civilization at all. Indeed it is greatest when for isolation or poverty or oppression other spiritual outlets are denied. It conforms to that law which intensifies the touch or the hearing of the blind, and the most foolish assumption we make about musical genius is that it can only arise within easy reach of a philharmonic society or a conservatory. The new enlargement we now possess into the music of the races has had its chastening effect upon us. We are realizing that in our eagerness for facility of modulation, for great processions of chord changes, and, often, for nothing more than to make the world better for virtuosi, we have thrown away the true and instinctive scale made up of consonances, and have accepted a counterfeit piano scale of equal divisions in disregard of something essential to the mind of man. We are realizing also that when we gave up all the ancient modes except one and part of another we got a simplification of our massive scores but we paid too much for it in beauty and variety, and if our formal music to-day faces bankruptcy, as so many of its own exponents say it does, it is because we have denied too many of the richnesses of the human soul. We are realizing most of all that we paid too much for our modern loudness. Not only have we discarded sensitive instruments of widely varying colour—viola d'amour, tromba marina, lute, harpsichord, bound clavichord, recorders,—but we have trained the voices of women to the same instrumental shrillnesses and the voices of men to the same blare, and have forgotten that song might be gentle and heartfelt, wistful and exquisitely shaded, and that never must song move too far from speech.

The phonograph discs, which make it possible now for the lover of essential music to hear what a generation ago was only available to the traveller, have their richest treasure for us when they come from the backwaters of the world—those areas least penetrated by our modern sophistications—Latin America, Russia, French Canada and Louisiana, Greece, Serbia, Finland, Iceland, Roumania, the Appalachians, the Hebrides, the West of Ireland, the South of Spain, all North Africa, all the Levant, all India and all China.

In the West we have narrowed down our songs to a few themes revolving endlessly upon young love and mating. Native song encompasses the whole life of peoples. Here are the songs of the toilers—of fishermen and rowers, of carpenters, blacksmiths, tailors, weavers and cobblers, of vine dressers, ploughmen, sowers and gleaners, of sword-makers, of mule-drivers, carriers, road-builders.

Here are songs of blind men, of beggars and lepers, of paid wailers for the dead, of blessers of wine at funeral banquets, of marriage-brokers ; insult songs, dispute songs, riddle songs. Here are songs of convicts, of men condemned to die, songs of widows and laments for the dead, songs for the waking of the soul at death, whole liturgies of spells and magic, vampire songs, songs of cleansing and protection against the evil eye, songs of fairies, of little animals, birds and trees and flowers. Here are songs of sorrow for children who died young—the come-sees—endless lullabies, plough whistles, lilts, mouth music.

Here also are great heroic songs like the Greek one of the self-immolation of the hundred Suliote women, of the massacre in Santa Sophia, or the Serbian cycle of the unhappy field of Kossovo, or the Cossack songs of that invisible army of the dead that goes always under the green grass wherever the living armies of the Cossacks go.

This music is not the report of an era. It is seed for meditation upon the immortal soul of mankind at its most moved and most moving. It is rich when it is merely listened to, but richest when it is sung, when we accept its insistent invitation to participate—an invitation our own music so rarely extends to us. It is a talisman for wide sympathies, for a rich life and, if we can take the testimony of the old people of the races that sing, it is a charm against loneliness.

ROY MITCHELL

A CORRECTION

At the end of the last paragraph but one of my article under the title "Alice Leighton Cleather : A Friend of Oriental Culture" in your November number (p. 542, col. 2) the last sentence is unfinished. It should read as follows : "It seemed to many that the last great war was a fulfilment of this prediction, but it was not a complete *débâcle,* and the awful aerial warfare (a rebirth of the old Atlantean *Viwân* mentioned in the *Ashtar Vidya* and other works) had yet to develop into the wholesale murder of innocent non-combatants." As puzzled readers are writing to me for an explanation I shall be much obliged if you will kindly publish this letter to rectify the error.

Calcutta. BASIL CRUMP

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

APPROACHING THEOSOPHY*

"Philosophy", writes Professor Whitehead, "is akin to poetry, and both of them seek to express that ultimate good sense which we term civilisation". In this sentence we have the essence of his aim and practice as a philosopher. He is as much aware of the danger as of the necessity of abstraction. An abstraction, he writes elsewhere, "is nothing else than the omission of part of the truth. The abstraction is well-founded when the conclusions drawn from it are not vitiated by the omitted truth." This omitted truth is the concrete actuality from which every abstraction is derived. The fact unilluminated by the concept is unreal. But so is the concept divorced from the fact. Professor Whitehead is, therefore, a vigorous critic of every philosophy or science which breaks up the totality of experience and constructs a system either on the basis of "mere fact" or "mere concept" of matter or of mind. There can be no reality in which these two aspects of experience are not reconciled. The poet reconciles them in an act of imagination; the philosopher must include them in the synthesis of his thought. And to do this he must never allow his mind in its pursuit of logical completeness to close the door against life's infinite potentiality. "We must be systematic; but we should keep our systems open. In other words, we should be sensitive to their limitations. There is always a vague 'beyond', waiting for penetration in respect to its detail."

The lectures contained in this book exemplify and expound such an attitude. In all of them Professor Whitehead strives to bring the "beyond" into a mental focus and in doing so to maintain the vital relation between the infinite and the finite. In the first three lectures, for example, he studies the working of creative impulse as combining what he calls "matter-of-fact" and "Importance". By the former he means merely things in movement, by the latter the conception of things as related to the unity of the universe and an intensity of individual feeling about them. From this individual feeling spring art, religion and morality, all of which represent the control of the life process to intensify experience. Language grew out of the same need, "the mentality of mankind and the language of mankind creating each other". But with the growth of knowledge mentality came more and more to circumscribe the free growth of understanding. Men specialised in fragments of intelligence which did not "stand together as one large self-evident coördination". Dogmatism which is "the anti-Christ of learning" applied its deadening closure to the "vibrant disclosure" of creative experience. Men had ceased to trust themselves to the vital process out of which alone new forms could take shape. They had lost the secret exemplified in the greatest art, in which "the whole displays its component parts, each with its own value enhanced; and the parts lead up to a whole, which is beyond themselves, and yet not destructive of themselves".

In the second section of his book, under the general title of "Activity" Professor Whitehead considers the nature of the interplay or interfusion of the Absolute and the Relative, of Perfection and Change. He makes the point that Plato's changeless world of forms is a contradiction in terms, since the condition of form is change and the

**Modes of Thought.* By ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. (Cambridge University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

changeless can only be conceived as formless. He considers that in the discussion of our deeper experiences, religious and mystic, an unbalanced emphasis has been placed upon the mere sense of infinitude. The full solemnity of the world, he insists, arises from the sense of the infinite realised within the finite. However we may conceive Absolute being, created existence is meaningless, divorced from change. He admits that the essence of the Universe is more than process and that belief in an Absolute expresses a fundamental aspect of our experience. But he holds that to divorce a static Absolute from the process of creation is to vitiate our whole conception of knowledge, exalting knowledge in abstraction from action and reducing the world of action to a world of shadows. This part of his book will be of particular interest to students of Eastern thought for its relevance to the doctrine of *Maya* so often misinterpreted as draining all reality out of the material world. For Professor Whitehead "Nature is full-blooded. Real facts are happening." We are actualities within a world of actualities. And if the merely finite is trivial, the merely infinite is a void. But in the sense of Deity meaning is restored to both. In the Many we experience the transcendent One and value issues from the perceived interplay of fact and form.

In the section that follows, entitled "Nature and Life" he attributes the blindness of Physical Science to a similar separation of body and mind fixed on European thought by Descartes. After discrediting the notion of Nature as a self-sufficient, meaningless complex of facts with which science started its career and which it has never really thrown off, and showing how entirely different is the new view of Nature as "a theatre for the inter-relations of activities", he concludes that science "conceived as resting on mere sense-perception, with no other source of observation, is bankrupt, so far as concerns its claim to self-sufficiency". Science, he adds, "can find no individual enjoyment in nature: Science can find no aim in nature; Science can find no creativity in nature; it finds mere rules of succession. These negations are true of Natural Science. They are inherent in its methodology."

It is good to find an eminent philosopher confirming so emphatically what Madame Blavatsky demonstrated sixty years ago.

This brief summary of Professor Whitehead's argument can give little idea of its depth and subtlety. He is an inspiring, if at times, difficult, philosopher because his thought is rooted in the creative imagination by which alone nature can be understood and valued and of which the sense-perception upon which physical science has relied or the rationality of mere logicians are only single factors. For him "Philosophy begins in wonder. And at the end, when philosophic thought has done its best, the wonder remains." Substitute theosophy for philosophy in that sentence and the truth is the same.

HUGH I'A. FAUSSET

Earth Memories. By LLEWELYN POWYS. (W. W. Norton & Co., New York. $ 2.75)

Mr. Powys will be familiar to readers of THE ARYAN PATH from his article on "The Animal Wisdom of India", published in its columns some time ago. Anyone who feels oppressed by the dull drabness of life should certainly read this book in order to have his eyes opened to the beauty and wonder that are to be found all around us. "It is the stupidity of our minds", as the author well says, "that prevents us from seeing existence as a mystery wilder than the dream of Devil or God".

It is true, of course, that Mr. Powys has adopted a pessimistic philosophy to serve as a background to these sensitive sketches, mainly of the Dorset countryside. He affects to be quite certain that "the truth resides in matter's proud processions as they are revealed to our uncertain senses", that dead men "have no longer any form of existence, have been utterly annihilated" and that "God is the unspiritual shiver of matter that is and was and will be forever". Incidentally, when one remembers how a similar 'philosophy' underlay Hardy's *Wessex Novels*, one begins to wonder whether there is not something in the psychic atmosphere of Dorset which is conducive to such a view, something which fancy, at least, can trace back to the despair of King Lear as he wandered, "the saddest of all kings", crownless and forsaken amidst the warring elements of Egdon Heath.

However that may be, one cannot but be thankful for the beauty which the author reveals to us, a beauty which is all the more poignant because seen against an almost Buddhistic background of eternal transiency.

There is no rock of ages. Where for summers grass grew, there is now wheat, and where the sheep were folded, docks. Between our cradle and our grave time is no longer than a sheep boy's whistle, and yet long enough to recognise this process of passing, passing, passing.

Buddhist, too, is his dislike of the cruelty, stupidity and greed that mar the beauty of the life that might so easily be ours. In all vital matters he is on the right side (by no means to be confused with the side of church-going religion!); his so-called "rich life of the senses" is shot through and through with the creative life of the spirit and even the dark materialistic curtains that he hangs up as his backcloth only serve to throw into higher relief the vivid foreground loveliness.

"I am a child of Earth and Starry Heaven", said the Orphic initiate, "but my race is of Heaven alone". Even so, it takes two parents to make a man and no one who dips into these *Earth Memories* can fail to gain new insight into the beauty of life and to come away refreshed in spirit from his contact with the age-old life of the Earth Mother. He will also have had the privilege of coming into contact with a rich and generous spirit, one whose use of the English language is as sensitive as his feeling for nature, one who, above all, is forever on the side of those who "will not have the poor oppressed in body or in soul".

SRI KRISHNA PREM

Milestones in Gujarati Literature. By KRISHNALAL MOHANLAL JHAVERI. (N. M. Tripathi, & Co., Bombay. Rs. 2/8)

The impact of the East upon the West has occasionally its surprising side. To hear in a dim country church, sparsely occupied by a congregation suffering from "the distortions of ingrown virginity", the passionate sensuality of an Oriental love-poem, is to experience something of it.

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes, O prince's daughter! The joints of thy thighs are like jewels, the work of the hands of a cunning workman. Thy navel is like a round goblet, which wanteth not liquor. Thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins...How fair and how pleasant art thou, O love for delights.

This, officially, is said to represent Christ's love for the Church—a neat enough resolution of the dilemma facing those who included as a book of the Bible "The Song of Songs" because it was Solomon's, only to discover that it hardly represented that aspect of the son of David which they wished to stress. To rationalists and others, the situation is not without humour.

But in this matter, as so often, the situation is not as simple as rationalists (most unreasonable of beings) like to pretend; and the old commentator may, after all, be nearer the truth than

the modern critic. The Eastern idiom, certainly, is not an altogether appropriate expression of Western devotion; but it is excellent as a clue to Eastern devotion. The West, with the exception of a few great mystics, has never been happy about the relationship of the erotic with the religious, because the real genius of the West is ascetic and puritan. The Manichees triumphed in spite of their defeat, and to-day the modern rationalist, their spiritual heir, reinforced by the psychoanalyst, continues the attack and turns the connection with eroticism to the discredit of 'religion'.

It is good, therefore, to find Dewan Bahadur Jhaveri insisting—as indeed he could hardly help doing—that "poetry and religion are inseparable in India" and that this is particularly true of early Gujarati poetry. Miran Bai, the premier poetess of Gujarat, in her devotion to Lord Krishna wrote songs which, on the surface, seem mere erotic verse.

> But this interpretation is never put upon them in Gujarat....Mothers and daughters sing them together in the Garbas, which men and women gather together to witness, and no one thinks there is anything improper or harmful in listening to the sweet garbis of Miran Bai being sung.

The East is too wise to make the facile mistake of the West.

So from the great, and even less restrained, songs of Narsinh, her contemporary and the first great name in Gujarati poetry, to the controversial compositions of Dayaram (who died in 1852), this interpretation of the spiritual by means of the physical persists. But one is conscious that, even here, the influence of the modern Manichee is at work. The sensuality of Narsinh, of the fifteenth century, is permitted. But what of Dayaram, who is only a lifetime away?

Certainly it is difficult to see anything but the obvious interpretation in this, for instance:

> Come to my house, O prince, to enjoy yourself; come to my house. Come there to drink and to make me drink the cup of love and to ride the steed of youth. Come at nightfall and no one will notice.

On the other hand, there is this, which Krishna addresses to a Gopi:

> I am yours, I am yours, my beloved. You may give me any names you like. I have not erred, but still I say I have erred: punish me as you like. Consider me to be an offender, and bind me with the rope of your two hands. If you want to punish me still more, aim the two arrows of your eyes at me. If you are afraid of my fleeing away, hoist me up on the castle of your bosom.

Since critics are still divided as to the interpretation of the Sringar of Dayaram—Mr. Jhaveri points out that "the subject is highly technical and therefore controversial and requires deep and important study"—he must be allowed his eminence on account of his art alone, the language which at least is chaste and classical. But, if there is any doubt, he may surely be allowed the benefit of it, on the grounds that as his poetry is in the classic tradition so also may be the interpretation of it.

The author writes fully of Dayaram, the last of the great poets, as of Premanand, who in the seventeenth century did so much to raise Gujarati from the low estate into which at his time it had fallen and most of whose poetry shows a reaction against the dominating religious element. These are the three giants.

> Just as the van was gloriously led by Narsinh, the centre by Premanand, so the rear is brought up by Dayaram. In reaching its full stature, in being able to touch the stars, Gujarati literature is equally indebted to all three.

In issuing a second edition of this book, which gives to the Western scholar so readable and interesting an account of that literature, the publishers have done a service to the better understanding between East and West; and the author by using in many cases comparisons with European poetry shows himself not only a critic and a chronicler, but a teacher.

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

Prefaces : Lectures on Art Subjects. By SHAHID SUHRAWARDY. (University Press, Calcutta. 5*s*. 6*d*. or Rs. 3.)

There can surely be few men living who possess a wider or richer culture than the author of these lectures. An Indian, who has spent many years in Europe, chiefly on the Continent, he is detached from national prejudices ; and with a keen awareness of all the modern movements in literature, the arts, and the theatre, he brings to bear on each of his themes a luminous intelligence and independent judgment. The last two of these papers are on the Modern European Stage and on Some Continental Writers. The former of these includes a very interesting account, from inside, of the methods of the Moscow Art Theatre, with which Mr. Suhrawardy was closely connected during his residence in Russia ; the second displays his intimate acquaintance with contemporary European literature ; but both these papers date from 1932, and how much, especially in Germany, has happened since then ! The bulk of the volume is concerned with art in India, Mr. Suhrawardy being now Professor of the Fine Arts at Calcutta University ; and it is the lectures on the study of Indian Art, Art and Education, and kindred subjects, which make this a remarkable book.

Indian art, before the present century, received only scanty and sporadic recognition from European critics, who still judged every non-European art by academic canons derived from Greece and the Renaissance. Indians' interest in their own art was also dormant. The late E. B. Havell, vehemently opposing the current fashion of depreciation, vindicated the claims of Indian art with challenging eloquence ; and though the claims were extravagant and he was often wrong-headed, his vehemence compelled attention to India's neglected achievements. The break-up of tradition in Europe made appreciation of it easier. Other writers took up the study, and a revival of native traditions in art was begun. But, unfortunately, the awakening of India to the importance of her artistic heritage was exploited by nationalist feeling. Works of art were lauded because they were Indian rather than because they were good in themselves. It is time that Indian art should be approached with an unprejudiced eye and a sane judgment. These are just the qualities that Mr. Suhrawardy brings to bear on his subject ; moreover, he knows the art of the world, not only the art of India and Asia. So we find him frankly telling his Indian audiences that it is an absurd position to maintain that everything created in India is beyond criticism, or that India enjoys a special kind of spiritual outlook which is her sole monopoly ; and in contrast with those who scent disparagement in any admission that Indian art owes a debt to the art of other countries, he sensibly observes that to acknowledge foreign influences does not take away from its prestige. In a lecture on Mughal painting he says that,

> To maintain the utter independence of Hindu art from the Persian is a striking instance of how cultural history is sometimes confused by narrowness and sentimentality,

and indeed he revives the term Indo-Persian which has been generally disused as stressing the debt to Persia overmuch. But his position is as far from that of European detractors as from that of Indian idolisers. He wishes Indian art to be prized for essential qualities, and not for irrelevant reasons.

> It is not religious subjects, nor the wealth of our artistic imaginativeness, which distinguishes our art from that of others but its unequalled virtuosity in technique.

This, and other passages invite discussion ; but even those who differ from Mr. Suhrawardy must respect his judgment. This is a book which in every page exhibits a wide knowledge, a large outlook, and true liberality of mind.

LAURENCE BINYON

The Holy Sonnets of John Donne. With an introduction by Hugh I'A. Fausset and Engravings by Eric Gill. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This limited edition of *The Holy Sonnets,* penned by John Donne, that tortured victim of early seventeenth-century theology, is fittingly garbed in black with lettering and design in gold —less gold would have made the binding more symbolically apt. The four remarkable engravings by Eric Gill heighten the poems' general disquieting effect.

Mr. Fausset in his introduction enters sympathetically into the poet's psychic battle, recognizing in the sonnets a compelling reality, "whether in lines of noble resonance or in the broken music of a naked thinking heart". But there is no reality in the false conceits that torture poor Donne, save the factitious life conferred on them by centuries of ecclesiastical thinking. Here is medieval theology in all its gruesomeness—self-condemnation, perturbation about the fate of the soul, an uneasy half-reliance on the blood-sacrifice of Jesus, and fear of God *in excelsis.* One cannot blame the morbid egocentricity which these perverted views and emotions inspire.

There are charming touches :—

> I am a little world made cunningly
> Of Elements, and an Angelike spright.

But the flashes of wit for which Donne's *Satires* are famous are here oases in the desert. The nineteenth and last sonnet is perhaps the most appealing in its revelation of a humanly lovable nature and of the devastating effect of pernicious doctrines. The reader whom the self-flagellation of the earlier sonnets has dismayed, breathes a sigh of relief that Donne can still laugh at himself, however ruefully :—

> As humorous is my contritione
> As my prophane Love, and as soone forgott....
> So my devout fitts come and go away
> Like a fantastique Ague : save that here
> Those are my best dayes, when I shake with feare.

PH. D.

Asleep In The Afternoon. By E. C. LARGE. (Jonathan Cape, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

There is a somnolent tenor about the story which is in keeping with the title, but for all that one cannot miss the satire. Big Business, the Mass Mind, the elementary psychology necessary to exploit the Mass Mind, the Mumbo Jumbo of cults which have sprung up to exploit the Mass Mind, or rather the vacuum in it—these are the foibles and follies which Mr. Large so entertainingly and ably exposes, and with the delicacy of touch with which an occultist might lift your eyelid. Mr. Large's idea of inventing the novelist Pry to tell the story of Agatha Boom and Boom Sleep, is one that would tempt would-be imitators but for the fact that it would be a palpable repetition.

Here again it is psychology at work—this new idea of taking the public into your confidence and giving it the illusion of self-importance. Taking advantage of this new fashion our surrealists readily expose the processes—physiological and mental—and get away without delivering the finished product. It is as if the carpenter were to tell you "Here are the shavings of the wood from which you wanted me to make a table. You see I have worked at it. In fact I worked at it so much that the wood is now all shavings. So you must be satisfied with the intention in the shavings for the table." That is Surrealism.

In showing us the mechanics of his puppet, Pry, and the workshop, Mr. Large indulges in a bit of surrealism. But he leaves enough flesh on the skeleton ; and *Asleep in the Afternoon* is in every sense as satisfactory as a novel and as worthy a satire as *Brave New World* was. If Mr. Large does

not make a reputation with this novel as great as Mr. Huxley did with that it will simply be because he gives a nothing-is-sacred impression. Actually this seeming detachment is his achievement.

J. VIJAYA-TUNGA

Winged Pharaoh. By JOAN GRANT. (Harper and Bros., New York. $ 2.50.)

The history of the thirty-one dynasties of Pharaohs who ruled over ancient Egypt covers practically more than half the entire historic period. And yet, notwithstanding the labours of several generations of scholars, how little is our knowledge of those three thousand years! It is a fruitful field for true inquirers, diligent researchers, and imaginative novelists.

Miss Joan Grant belongs to the last category, and in *Winged Pharaoh* she paints an unforgettable picture of the cradle of Egyptian civilization. Her method is like that of Mr. Robert Graves in *I. Claudius,* in which the Roman Emperor is made to tell his own story. Sekeeta, tells her own story, naïvely, casually, but convincingly. Sekeeta, a priestess of the temple is ceremonially married to Neyah, her own brother and co-ruler of Egypt; Sekeeta and Neyah (Za Atet and Zat Atet) together are Pharaoh. As a priestess of the temple, Sekeeta is trained to be able to tell her subjects when they approach her with their difficulties: "I, of my own knowledge, tell thee that this is Truth." As Pharaoh she administers justice, holding the scales even; her judgments are not so much dialectical demonstrations as corroborations of her priestly intuition. With the symbolic Crook she shepherds her people, with the Flail drives back the invaders of her country, and by the power of the Golden Cobra she masters the grim forces of evil. But there is also another Sekeeta, the all too human girl dreaming of the joy of love in the company of Dio, the architect, who would rebuild the world in the image of heaven.

The tale of Sekeeta's brief sojourn in this world has the seeming artlessness of the most austere art. As girl playing with lion cubs, as priestess, as judge and warrior, as woman and mother, Sekeeta is completely realized in the novel. Other characters there are, no doubt, but Sekeeta *is* the novel. Her childish fears and perplexities, her growing objective cravings and gradual subjective realizations, her four-day ordeal before she joins the choir of the Winged Ones, her record with the Crook and the Flail, her liberation at long last from "this shadow-land of tears and pain"—these constitute the subject-matter of this moving and satisfying story.

When Sakeeta and Ney-sey-ra (the wise Guru) talk, they drop pearls of rare wisdom. Their images and intuitions come to us with the sudden illumination of truth. They seem to have the freshness and directness of the true seer's vision. Wisdom allied to large charity, justice tempered by mercy, kingly power softened by a sense of responsibility—these are the attributes of Pharaoh. And what is the criterion of good action?

> Every action of which we can say in true sincerity, "That I did, not for myself, but because I loved another better", must be a step along the true path.

Winged Pharaoh is a work of art, a brilliant historical reconstruction, clear as crystal and its value is immense for us at a time when the military dictatorships of the day are denying the human soul its proper place under the sun.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

The Tales of Algernon Blackwood. (Martin Secker, London. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

At the time these stories were written, that is between 1906 and 1910, Mr. Blackwood, if he was already a student of occultism, showed comparatively little of its influence in his writing. In his introduction, he tells us that re-reading these stories for the first time after a lapse of so many years he realises that "physically, mentally, spiritually" he must have changed more times than he cares to remember. Certainly he has changed very considerably as a writer, evidence no doubt, of mental and spiritual development, also. In the opening stories—they are in chronological order—we can plainly see him feeling his way towards a technique for the conveyance of themes, described on the cover as "supernatural and uncanny". The idea was true and something more, the imaginative realisation of it. "To write a ghost-story", he says, "I must feel ghostly, a condition not to be artificially induced". But to pass on that sense of awe or horror to a reader by the medium of the written word is a peculiar gift.

For the conviction of fear, like the conviction of sin, cannot be induced unless the potentiality for it already exists in the reader; and although fear is the common heritage of the flesh, it is a spiritual rather than a physical tremor which Mr. Blackwood is trying to arouse. And that comes only through a personal recognition of underlying truth. To awaken that sense of "something far more deeply interfused", is the achievement of great poetry accomplished not by any labouring of description, but by a phrase, almost meaningless, it may be, to the rational mind, that suddenly opens the magic casements of the imagination. And the methods of prose though more elaborate and diffuse are ultimately the same. The horror that is realistically described in starkly appropriate words, induces disgust rather than fear. The opening story in this collection, for instance, of two over-substantial ghosts may be read with interest but without that creeping of the flesh attributed to the two percipients. Here, as in the items immediately following, we find Mr. Blackwood far too objective, addressing the senses rather than the imagination of his readers, making pictures, elaborating details that provoke only the kind of reaction we might have on seeing a gross physical deformity.

In the later stories, however, he is steadily feeling his way towards a more effective technique. In "The Nemesis of Fue", "The Camp of the Dog" (written on a werewolf theme), and "The Wendigo" he is coming to an appreciation of the fact that it is the mystery half-hid, suggested and not pictured, which raises the hair and sends a shiver of apprehension down the spine. For, ultimately, the response of the spirit can be awakened only by the call of the spirit, and since we have no words, nor even ideas, with which to describe the unseen, our only means of intercommunication on this plane is by the stimulation of that inner recognition of truth referred to above. How far Mr. Blackwood has succeeded in doing this is a question that each reader must answer individually. Those who regard all the unseen powers as inimical, a cause for fear, who are rapt with terror at the sight of a "ghost", will say that they have found here all sufficient cause for alarm and horror. The complete sceptic will smile an acknowledgment of Mr. Blackwood's skill in words. But those who have known something of the secrets of the other world will read these stories with an untroubled mind, finding in them no cause for spiritual disturbance, because there is in them so small a recognition of occult truths.

J. D. BERESFORD

The End of Fear. By DENIS SAURAT. (Faber & Faber, London. 6*s.*)

Doctor Saurat's ancestors were Pyrenean peasants who migrated to the Belgian frontier some time before the Great War. The recent death of his father caused Doctor Saurat to return home for the purpose of consoling his mother and settling family affairs. This book is a record of that occasion. It is made up of little snippets of dialogue, reminiscence and meditation in the course of which Doctor Saurat attempts to prove that his own metaphysical ideas were derived from the spontaneous, living act of his parents and that both, along with dreams, had a common source in the life-experience of the race as a whole. All these things display a single pattern, which is also that of birth, of copulation and of death, and this common pattern of all meaningful experience assigns pain its due place in life and removes from those who are conscious of it all fear of death, which is no more than a resumption into the mind of God of the totality of a man's experience.

The matter in fact is not at all new (it is the continual burden of contemplative humanity). The method of presentation is new in a quite extraordinary degree.

It combines the methods of poetry and of philosophy in a new way, using as it were the raw materials of poetry as theme for an essay in metaphysical analysis and exhibiting the two within an autobiographical framework. The result is beautiful and convincing. Images and symbols are given an importance which has been but rarely suspected in European philosophy. And racial continuity is seen to have a significance which makes the racialism of Nazi Germany look exceedingly shallow, though it should be noted that Nazi Germany also has placed its emphasis on the removal of fear—in this case by the cultivation of a Valhalla psychology of heroism in war. It would be interesting to know what political direction Doctor Saurat finds that his racial pattern suggests to him.

RAYNER HEPPENSTALL

Creeds In Conflict. By LESLIE BELTON. (J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd., London. 6*s.*)

Edmund Holmes wrote that "Creeds are for those whose faith is insecure" and though we feel no need of their support, yet to study comparative religions we must examine some of the hundreds now rampant in the world. Here is collected a résumé of many of the chief competitors in the Battle of Creeds. The time when toleration passed for brotherhood is over. Toleration is a negative virtue and as a foundation for religious brotherhood will never do. Knowledge is necessary.

Mr. Belton writes both critically and humorously of creeds in conflict not only with each other but still more with common sense. He lets each speak for itself. Sometimes we are amused ; sometimes shocked at their stupidity ; occasionally we find them reflections of intelligent thought. Thus each becoming its own judge, bears the responsibility for the verdict.

His conception of Theosophy is a mixture of the teachings of Madame Blavatsky and pseudo-theosophy with no line drawn to indicate where *Theosophy* ceases and the distortions of false "prophets" begin. He recognizes there is such a line of demarcation but does not draw it clearly and ends by siding with the sympathetic observer who, "bewildered by the claims and counter claims of contending groups. . . ., leaves Theosophy severely alone".

Mr. Belton to the contrary notwithstanding, "there was, during the youth of mankind. . . . one universal religion, when there were no churches, no creeds or sects, but when every man was a priest unto himself." (*The Secret Doctrine* I, p. 341) It is often impossible to recognize this wordless Wisdom-Source. Churches, groups and séance rooms with their mummery and necromancy have

wandered far afield; but because man pollutes the sacred waters of the Ganges shall we deny the purity of its source?

For Mr. Belton, the final Truth is in the Mystic's vision, in that

> true mysticism (as distinct from the mushy emotionalism which goes by this name) [which] is no flight from reality... [but] the means by which the unitary self, lifted above the isolation of its separativeness, becomes thereby empowered the more faithfully and the more completely to serve the world.

This Mysticism is without a name. Before its certain vision creeds melt away like snow before a roaring furnace. Yet following in the footsteps of illustrious predecessors it has been called Theo-Sophia. To gain this Wisdom we must live the life. It is to be found in one book only—a book whose blazing tablets are securely locked in every human heart where each must read for himself as the vision of his Soul grows keen, that Timeless, Wordless Message of which all creeds are but disfiguring masks.

D. C. T.

Mania. By LAWRENCE M. JAYSON. (Funk and Wagnalls Co., New York. $2.)

This book professes to be the story of a mind which found itself. In simple yet vivid narrative the author describes his experiences in a mental hospital where he was taken on being rescued from attempted suicide after a financial crisis. The story of his gradual recovery makes fascinating reading and should be of interest not only to psychiatrists but also to those laymen who have friends or relatives suffering from similar nervous and mental ills. Indeed, it has been written with the express object of conveying a message of hope to those similarly afflicted. The book is far from being morbid, as one would expect, and its graphic descriptions of hospital life, of the various types of patients, and of the means employed by doctors to bring about a return to normal habits of mind in those suffering from delusions and hallucinations are not without humour. Incidentally it throws light on the management of modern mental hospitals and serves to show how very efficiently these institutions are conducted. The book is well worth reading.

KEITH PERCY

The Dark Room. By R. K. NARAYAN. (Macmillan, London. 6*s*.)

Mr. Narayan's first novel, *Swami and His Friends,* was gay and slight; its successor, *Bachelor of Arts,* a more mature work, evoked characters that live and incidents that cannot be quickly forgotten. His latest work, *The Dark Room,* delicately executes a vivid and sympathetic portrait of a middle-class South Indian home. The touches are few, but they are carefully chosen and apt; and the picture itself is a little triumph as a life-likeness and also as a work of art.

The domineering husband; Savitri, the devoted wife; their children, two girls and a boy; the domestic servants: these are familiar enough. Shanta Bai, an "ex-wife" turned insurance canvasser, is a piece of foreign matter projected into Savitri's familiar universe. The husband is bewitched by Shanta Bai's dolorous glamour and neglects Savitri. Inevitably there is an explosion at home. Finding her husband impenitent, Savitri leaves her home at night—like Nora in Ibsen's play. However, unlike Nora (but, then, Ibsen hasn't told us what happens to Nora afterwards), Savitri returns home, having pathetically tried in vain to stand on her own feet. She accepts the new situation with resignation, and her life pursues its even course with scarce a tremor.

Savitri in the rôle of an Indian Nora is rather unconvincing. But the portraiture of her "Doll's House" is excellent. The descriptions of *Navaratri* and the film *Kuchela* are enjoyable. The Western impact and the Indian reaction to it are ever so insinuatingly suggested; and it is this background that gives the story its peculiar flavour.

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR.

Shakespeare Criticism: An Essay in Synthesis. By Dr. C. NARAYANA MENON. (Milford, London. 5*s*.)

"Scholars", says Mr. Menon, "try to see through things; that is why they are so superficial". The aphorism, which is reminiscent of one of Samuel Butler's, is profound in itself, and might serve as a guiding-star to critics of Shakespeare, in studying whom it is necessary again and again to return to the unsophisticated impression of what Goethe called the "pure phenomenon". This necessity is the essential theme of Mr. Menon's original, compact and stimulating book. The relation between ourselves and the work of Shakespeare is truly vital, at once beneath and beyond the province of the calculating mind; and in this relation the dominant process is one of "imaginative identification" with the Shakespearean hero. This process has its roots in the primitive social being: as the crowd triumphs with one that it sees triumph, so, like Miranda, we learn to "suffer with those that we see suffer". And the spiritual purpose, the final cause, of the Shakespearean drama is gradually to elicit from our primitive psychological substance an infinite capacity for overcoming the limitations of the self, as the possibilities of our imaginative identification become more subtle and profound. By degrees we come to discover the richness of the universal humanity which was in Shakespeare, and expressed in his works, in ourselves also: we are "transformed and united".

This process, of entering into possession of our unknown and universal selves by the instrumentality of our response to Shakespeare's characters, is necessarily gradual; and at each stage of the process, which varies from man to man, there is a partial insight and an incomplete perspective into the universality of his creation. These partial insights it is the temptation of Shakespeare criticism, professional or amateur, to regard as absolute. Each perspective is valid, so long as it does not claim to be exclusive of others. "The psychological, the historical, the analytical schools of criticism ought to know that each is invulnerable to the weapons of the rest." Mr. Menon, who has this truth continually present to his thought, may therefore justly claim that his is a genuine essay in synthesis. The one-way mind will probably find his attitude elusive, his conclusions unsubstantial. But this is only a negative recognition of his virtue which is to be constantly solvent of partial formulations, and disruptive of the artificial barriers erected between one response and another.

I should like, if I had space, to pick out a number of penetrating sentences from Mr. Menon's book to show his quality as a critic. For instance, "Shakespearean symbolism is unsophisticated.....it is the automatic organization of events and images through stress of emotion". Or, again, "Tragic intensity being one-sided, the hero lives in a world which progressively loses points of contact with the world of others". It is only too likely that in these days when so much English literary criticism is deluded by the false idea of a "scientific" precision, that Mr. Menon's effort will not meet with the recognition it deserves; but I can imagine no student of Shakespeare who would not be imaginatively enriched to some degree if he could bring himself to listen without prepossession to what Mr. Menon has to say, in the spirit of his own excellent little parable.

During a sensational trial, a lawyer was asked to give his opinion, and he replied, "As a lawyer I would defend the accused, as a citizen I would send him to the gallows, but as a Christian I would forgive him." "What would you do as a man?" asked a voice. There was no answer. Many a modern scholar sails in the same boat. He has lost the integral and dynamic response to act.

Mr. Menon returns again and again to what he somewhere calls "the human potential" as at once the source and goal of Shakespeare's creation; and his little book, distilled from wide-ranging study of other critics no less than from his own progressive response to Shakespeare, is likely to remain valuable.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

Separate Star. By FRANCIS FOSTER. (Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

This is an interesting autobiographical work of an Englishman of middle life. It may be classified as a "human document": it is well-written, with sincerity and clarity, having humour, beauty and spiritual realization.

The account begins with early school days and continues through the experiences of newspaper reporting and life in an Anglican Theological Seminary. With the coming of the war Francis Foster enlists in the Artists Rifles. A greater part of the book deals with his life as a soldier; his days in the trenches are vividly pictured, participating in the hell of war but watching the ordered march of the stars. After being wounded he applies for a permanent commission in the Indian Army and is drafted to the Burma Rifles.

He meets an Indian mystic who profoundly influences him. After a brief stay in India he is sent to Egypt and Palestine, where his life is described with much charm. Delightfully we are told how one day he rides across the desert to the desolate and supposedly uninhabited Mokattam Hills, where he is amazed to find meditating beside a solitary Mohammedan tomb, a blue-eyed Coptic monk of his own race. Their brief conversation is significant.

Upon the reorganization of the Indian Army he is made adjutant of 91st Punjabis and returns to India for the third time.

Returning to England on leave, after the Waziristan Campaign of 1921-22, he meets a Capuchin friar through whose influence he subsequently, after resigning his commission, becomes a member of the Roman Catholic Church even entering the Third Franciscan Order. But finally considering his relations to the Roman Church, by the inspiring thought of the Indian Mystic, he decides to base his life on what seems to him to be a greater progress in sincerity and truth; then he leaves the Roman Church. Later he marries and becomes a priest and bishop of the Nestorian Church, refusing to accept money for religious offices, supporting himself as a writer.

The last few chapters of the book contain a valuable contribution in his conception of the life and mission of Jesus, who he declares was a priest of an ancient order: and valuable is Foster's exposition of the present sociological significance of the Sermon on the Mount.

Francis Foster is a spiritual pilgrim whose progress will be watched with keen interest and sympathy.

E. H. BREWSTER

Phrases and Idioms from Shakespeare. By BRAMESHWAR BHATTACHARYA. (The Book Company Ltd., Calcutta. Rs. 2.)

English will, probably before long, cease to be the medium of instruction in higher education in the Indian Universities. But Shakespeare will continue to be studied. Professor Bhattacharya has collected in this book phrases and idioms from sixteen Shakespearean plays, with the object of making the "students of our schools and colleges familiar with the language of the greatest English dramatist,—the language which they may make use of in every-day conversation, at home, in table-talk and at public speeches which they may be called upon to deliver". The collection is meant for general readers no less than for students. The principle of selection is mainly, but not exclusively, literary excellence. Each phrase, idiom or choice expression is explained in English and also in Bengali. The value of the book would have been enhanced, had the passages been referred to acts and scenes in each play. The book will certainly prove to be a useful companion to all those who are earnest about their stylistic excellence.

D. G. LONDHE

The Scapegoat Dances. By MARK BENNEY. (Peter Davies, London. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The author of this book, now about twenty-eight years old, is an ex-burglar. His career of "crime" began when he was six, and ended in 1936, when he left prison after serving a long term. Since then he has become an accomplished writer. His first book, *Low Company,* a subjective analysis of "crime and punishment", has been considered a work of remarkable power and supreme veracity. His new book, *The Scapegoat Dances,* is cast in the form of a novel—an objective study of the London underworld. Its central figure, Solman, is an ex-convict, reminding one of Herr Kufalt in Mr. Fallada's *Who Once Eats out of the Tin Bowl.* Solman is shown in the novel trying to adjust himself amidst the baffling dichotomies of Soho. He comes into contact with thieves and prostitutes, abortionists and gamblers, "bullies" and "fences". But underneath all the froth of the prevalent "sinfulness", and softening the crudity of the "scapegoat dances", is a core of essential humanity that makes these Solmans and Tinks, these Doc Abrams and Quintos kin to the whole world. Christ died for them all; and, when they burst through the shell of their rough-hewn Karma, they too may be able to infer, here and now, their being atom emanations of the Infinite. Moonshine, the poet of unfulfilled renown, has caught a glimpse of the unity behind the irritating diversity around him. His vision is no doubt the author's own vision in Chelmsford prison :—

> I experienced for one primordial, immediate moment, life itself, life undifferentiated. I was the single rose striving to be the garden, I was the singer striving to be the song, I was the seer striving to be the seen. (THE ARYAN PATH, VIII, p. 112)

But even this ecstatic vision does not save Moonshine; civilization crushes him, he knuckles under.

The author's implicit indictment of the prison system obtaining to-day is unanswerable. Crime is ordinarily a projection of the criminal's welling desire to establish social communion. Moonshine steals cameras because he would rescue Wenna from her sordid surroundings and plant her in rural Cornwall. Before his release from prison Solman yearns "for all the involved human relationships.... to range, intensely and indiscriminately, the entire gamut of emotional experience". An ex-convict may even like to "go straight". But the odds are against him; the unescapable "repetition-compulsion" holds him in perpetual thrall. A long term in a prison throws the mechanism of life out of gear; and the stigma of being an ex-convict makes normal life almost impossible. Should Solman go away with Tink to the country and begin a "new" life? He hesitates for a few minutes. The prospect of serenity and respectability is alluring; but he knows that he has been incapacitated for happiness beyond repair. As Oscar Wilde moaned :—

> Something was dead in each of us,
> And what was dead was Hope.

Solman was already "down among the dead men". Stone walls may enclose him no more; but he can never surmount the mental barriers of his own forging. This is what the prison has done to him; it has twisted out of shape his very personality.

It is a terrible indictment. The author has made his characters live vividly and challengingly before us. They are outcasts and scapegoats, no doubt; but they are also terribly human. If Soho and its inhabitants are what they are, the responsibility for the ugly fact lies elsewhere. Society has not evolved an adequate *hygiène préventive*; and punishment still continues to be a manifestation of brute force, rather than a process of psychological reform. Unable to remedy, unwilling to show active sympathy, what right has society, with curled lip, to condemn these outcasts and brand them mere sinners?

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

CORRESPONDENCE

INTUITION AND KNOWLEDGE

May I thank you for the August number of THE ARYAN PATH with its review of my book, *Intuition*?

I am particularly gratified that an Eastern philosopher has been able to take an interest in the work as I am conscious that I have not drunk deeply of the fountain of thought which Hindu philosophy is said to offer. I considered that without an adequate grasp of that philosophy I should not take it into consideration, and, even after reading Sri Krishna Prem's article, I am not clear as to how far such knowledge is open to one who, however deep her respect for Eastern wisdom, has no skill in the Eastern tongues.

May I make a few comments?

First: I note that the author regrets (or is satiric over) my conclusion that intuition cannot be cultivated: he is sure that it can, and he quotes the practice of the yogis.

I have already confessed my lack of special knowledge but my information, as far as it goes, has left me under the impression that the yogis' method of cultivating intuition is largely physical.

Records of the lives of Western mystics, especially of the Christian saints, have put my mind into a suspicious attitude towards all ideas, and especially towards unalterable convictions, which arise as a consequence of an unnatural treatment of the body. If the traditional division of the person into body, soul and spirit be assumed for the moment to have validity, I place spirit above soul and soul above body. The greater should rule the less, not be subject to it, and so the idea of the exercise of the spirit being at the mercy or will of the body and soul is abhorrent to my reason, to my emotions and, I could almost say, to my intuition.

If these mechanical physical contrivances be considered to free rather than to dictate to the spirit, then I should like to be quite sure whether the attainment of the yogi at its highest is anything more than a personal and individual satisfaction; and, if not, on what grounds it can be considered with any certainty to be different from the self-hypnotism so much dreaded by the spiritually minded and so suspect to the man of science. I may, perhaps, have taken it too much for granted that the methods of the mystic and the yogi are similar.

Secondly: Sri Krishna Prem reproaches me with the suggestion that I write on intuition and yet have had, probably, no first-hand experience of it. That may very well be true. I, myself, should very much like to know. If I had been convinced of such experience I should hardly have made so close enquiry. As a rule the man who is certain of revelation or inspiration does not try to persuade the world of the reality of the experience, though he may be certain of the truth of the matter revealed. Mere iteration of such experience has been lacking never, explanation or proof always. The book was conceived by a typical Western mind for typical Western minds. I think that Sri Krishna Prem will see that a repetition of the doctrines of the yogis is not called for, while he acknowledges that a scientific investigation of intuition has its use.

Thirdly: He writes, "Spinoza's intuitional 'third knowledge' is very impressive but does not seem to have given the world 'any idea which he could not have arrived at by the ordinary reasoning processes'", and adds:

> This criticism, it may be remarked, is not very relevant since.... it does not in the least follow that, because an idea could have been arrived at by reasoning, it therefore was arrived at in that manner.

But the point in the making was that,

if Spinoza had achieved truth which could not have been achieved by the reasoning process, here were proof indeed of the reality of intuition; but, alas, Spinoza presents us with no such truth.

Fourthly: When the reviewer ends his article by saying: "I suppose that most Western thinkers will consider the unitary consciousness of the *buddhi* to be a fantastic oriental speculation", he does less than justice to the Western thinker, even on the evidence presented in my book. I mention some great thinkers who hold this doctrine, or one closely allied——Freud, Jung, Levy-Bruhl, Wordsworth; and others who are not far from it—Spinoza, Bergson. And are not the ideas of most mystics focused round the aspiration to unity with an absolute, and the philosophy of some of our greatest thinkers based on the conception of an absolute?

Though East is East and West is West, the twain may yet meet in the search for intuition.

K. W. WILD

REJOINDER TO THE ABOVE

In her friendly letter about my review of her book, *Intuition,* Miss Wild raises a few points of interest. Before coming to them, however, may I say that my statement as to lack of knowledge of Indian thought was in no way intended as a reproach but merely as a statement of fact that was likely to be relevant to readers of THE ARYAN PATH. I agree with her that without a knowledge of Sanskrit it is very hard to approach it safely along scholarly lines; and an intuitive approach, such as that of A. E., would perhaps hardly have served her purpose. Still more important than a knowledge of the language is an even harder condition. The best Indian philosophy was never meant to be studied academically. At its best (for there is much in India as elsewhere that is mere words) it is the expression in intellectual terms of the data of inner experience and it demands from him who would truly understand the expression that he should undergo the training and discipline which will give him the experiential data. The philosophical terms, well or ill-chosen, are only the means whereby that experience is integrated into a whole. To one who has the experience they offer a useful frame of reference; to one who hasn't it they remain mere speculative constructions like analogous concepts in some Western idealist systems.

Miss Wild is under a serious misapprehension of my use of the word yoga, a misapprehension which many of the books which have appeared in the West do much to encourage. She objects to the idea that a mere physiological technique should be able to influence or even to free the spirit. I entirely agree; but the yoga she has apparently heard about, the yoga of elaborate physical postures, fantastic breathings, etc., the well-known *hatha* yoga in fact, was not in the least what was meant. I referred to the yoga which means union with the true Self or Spirit, the *inner* yoga which Patanjali defined as the tranquillisation of the mental processes, and the *Gita* as perfect inner equanimity (*samatva*) and non-attachment. At the risk of being considered dogmatic by some schools, I would say that the *hatha* yoga does not lead along the spiritual path but only to supernormal bodily control and, in some cases, to psychic powers of a trivial nature. It is eschewed as dangerous and undesirable by most followers of the inner path.

There is obviously no space to attempt a description of the methods of yoga but I would briefly say that, in one aspect at least, it is a discipline of the mind (and only incidentally of the body) which aims at preventing those psychic distortions of our apprehension that interfere with our direct perception of truth. No one who is familiar with the work done by the analytic schools of psychology will deny that our reasonings, and even our perceptions, are conditioned only too fatally by what the psychologists term unconscious desires but which have been known to India for

at least two and a half millennia. Yoga annuls those distorting forces and gives the vision of things *as they are, yathā-bhūtam,* as the Buddhists were fond of saying.

To ask whether such vision is anything more than a "personal satisfaction" is to ask whether the man who climbs to the mountain top and sees the sun shining above the mist has had anything more than a personal vision. He has seen what is there to be seen by all who care to make the climb.

Certainly it is true that some Christian mystics and would-be yogis in India have at least partially deceived themselves with self-suggested visions, but the true yoga has nothing to do with the suggestions arising from doctrines accepted on faith, persons worshipped as divine, truths revealed once and for all. Not visions but vision is what the yogi seeks, the clear sight of things as they really are.

Is this still a purely individual vision, however true as such? In a sense, yes: it is the vision of reality from the point of view of a yogi as opposed to that of an ordinary man. Is there then any reason to consider it a more important point of view? In my opinion there is, for it is the point of view of one who, through his training, has become entirely free from the hatred, the greed and the stupidity of egoism. Surely it is clear that such a view-point will give a truer vision of reality, ineffable though the latter may be in its full impersonality.

As to whether Miss Wild has ever had intuitive experience, I am afraid I must leave that to her. In one sense, at least, all men have it but the great majority are unable to separate the intuitive awareness from the mental expression with which they proceed to incorporate it in their general scheme of reference. Consequently, from the point of view of theory, it is almost the same as if they had none. The mental expression must not be confused with the intuitive apprehension. This point I tried to make in my review but a misprint rather spoiled it. P. 407, col. 2, line 2 should have read :—

> For example, the intuition usually described as being that of the unity of all life is, however inadequate and consequently liable to metaphysical criticism the *verbal description* may be, as clear, as certainly true and as unescapable as the perception of the greenness of the pattern of sense-data in front of me (a tree).

With regard to Spinoza the point I wished to make was that, *in being expressed,* any intuitive apprehension has to be brought into relation with the previously held intellectual frame of reference and so, *post hoc,* it will always appear possible that it was arrived at through that frame.

As for the Western thinkers who are said to concern themselves with concepts analogous to that of the *buddhi,* one can only welcome them. But Freud's submental unconscious composed of repressed desires etc., will not do, and even Jung's much more hopeful collective unconscious is still far too much connected with "inherited brain structures" and, even so, has brought him the reproach of "mysticism". I was really thinking, however, of the thought that emanates from the great universities of which even the Western Jung has said that they have ceased to act as disseminators of light. I was not referring to poets such as Wordsworth, mystics such as A. E., or intuitive and unorthodox metaphysicians such as E. D. Fawcett. By the way, the unitary consciousness of which I spoke is not "the absolute".

In conclusion, I would only say that I thought I had made it clear that I considered the book one which would be definitely valuable to certain classes of people: I fear that the Editors and not I will have to take responsibility for the phrase "Western Verbiage" that occurs in the heading of the review.

SRI KRISHNA PREM

ENDS AND SAYINGS

Sir S. Radhakrishnan is an ambassador of pure Indian culture to the Western world. To his credit stand numerous achievements and one more has to be entered now; he is the first Asiatic to be invited to deliver the 1938 annual Master Mind Lecture of the Henriette Hertz Trust of the British Academy. Sir S. Radhakrishnan most appropriately selected Gautama the Buddha for consideration. The address, which forms part of the *Proceedings* of the British Academy, is published by Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, as a separate brochure, *Gautama the Buddha,* which is priced at 3*s*.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan's lecture constitutes a comprehensive study of Gautama, whose teachings are so catholic and whose sympathies so universal that most appropriately He may be named, the Light of the World.

The student will find this lecture with its copious annotations a useful one. With the thoroughness of the scholar and the insight of the philosopher Sir S. Radhakrishnan presents the teachings of the Buddha against the background of his life story and that of the India of his day. But great as is its scholarly merit, greater still is the appeal of this address to all sincere searchers for a Spiritual Way of Life ; for the real value of the lecture lies in its revelation that the men and women of to-day are very much like those of 2500 years ago ; the problems which puzzle our humanity seem different from those which puzzled people in that era, but in reality they are not different. Logical analysis and philosophical reflection show that the root causes of the vaster social upheaval which is upon us are the same as those which the Buddha laid bare to the gaze of his audiences. The same superstitious psychism, the same disputatious intellectualism and the same persistent curiosity send people in quest of Knowledge which would resolve mental confusion and give the heart a reassuring rhythm of peace and well-being. All desire to be shown a way out of the jungle of this civilization. Sir S. Radhakrishnan's address is bound to awaken in the mind of many a practical Occidental a question—can these teachings of the Buddha be practised to-day ? The able handling of the subject gives the address an atmosphere which is vital—it inspires confidence in the feasibility of walking the Way shown by the Buddha. Through this contribution the Western mind will have one more avenue to the correct understanding of the Buddha who is, to quote Sir S. Radhakrishnan's own words,

> one of those rare spirits who bring to men a realization of their own divinity. His true greatness stands out clearer and brighter as the ages pass, and even the sceptical minded are turning to him with a more real appreciation, a deeper reverence and a truer worship. He is one of those few heroes of humanity who have made epochs in the history of our race, with a message for other times as well as their own.